

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MAY, 1853.

ART. I. — THE GOSPELS, THEIR INSPIRATION, THEIR
AUTHENTICITY, THEIR GENUINENESS.

WHEN the Grecian oracles gave their mysterious responses, or when Isaiah saw the hand of God in the fall of Tyre, and beheld through the exhalations of his country's corruptions a regenerated Israel arise, it could hardly have been anticipated that the time would come when inspiration would be judged by rules of evidence, and be supposed to reside in historical accounts; that critics would stand forth to examine it armed in Greek, and claims to it be extinguished by an almanac. It could not have been foreseen that that which was thought to describe the most glorious state of man, in which he was god-intoxicated, god-borne, *ἐνθεος*, on fire, and kindled the hearts of men as with flames, should be made to consist in correctness of testimony, and imply a surrender of all mental action. Such has come to be regarded as the nature of plenary inspiration; it is a state in which a man is as passive an instrument as a pen or a pipe, — judgment, choice, imagination, heart, all being suspended; for if there were judgment there might be error, and if there were choice there might be mistakes, and imagination and heart would only be in the way of that mechanical faithfulness in which the value of the result of "plen-

any inspiration" is supposed to consist. We are invited, therefore, to call something inspiration which is the very opposite of all that was properly meant by the term; and indignation is expressed, and heresy is hinted, when we call any men inspired but those who are supposed to be thus magically stunned and benumbed. Heads are shaken, and the most solemn countenances assumed, when genius is called a kind of inspiration; and it is thought to be a certain horrible thing called "pantheism," if the inspiration of the Evangelists be put on a par with it. A difference is alleged, a difference in kind. And well there may be. But on which side is the dishonor? What man in his senses will compare the inspiration of Matthew with the inspiration of Milton, or that of Luke with that of Dante? The so-called inspiration which fitted a hearer to report correctly, for instance, the invocation of Christ's prayer, does not surely rank with the devout genius which could interpret it. To write down from the lips of the Saviour, "Our Father who art in heaven," does not imply that the soul is fanned by any sweet breath of God; but when we read,

"O Padre nostro, che ne' cieli stai,
Non circoscritto, ma per più amore
Ch' ai primi effetti di lassù tu hai,"

we are moved on to a truer understanding of the Saviour's thought. Even if the evangelical reports were as accurate as they are asserted to be, they would not belong to the high efforts of the human mind. The divine which there we see is behind the document. Before Christ himself we stand with uncovered head, and naked feet, and streaming eyes. No profane suggestions of equality with him are ever breathed from our lips. No foolish confoundings of that moral elevation which he produced in his followers, with the intellectual elevation of less blessed men, are we ever guilty of. It is only when the sacred names are degraded, and the Holy Ghost is put on a level with a stenographer, with only one virtue, that of veracity, — it is only when holy things are profaned by such narrow theories, and letter and parchment substituted for divine utterance, — that we are impelled to take exceptions, and to declare, as we do, that the Evangelists in making their record had no inspiration.

The act of recording facts is not an act in which inspiration would assist; but inspiration would be the greatest hindrance to it. Who would not rather have a school-boy than a sibyl to report a street-fight? And if you wished to know the facts of the taking of the Bastile, would you listen to Madame Guyon or to Monsieur Dusaulex? That divine afflatus which fits a man for creating, and which fits another man for interpreting, does not especially fit a man for testifying. We do not read of the gift of reporting, as one of the charismata of the early Church. It is well known that the "Evangelists," who are spoken of by Paul as among those endowed with the spirit, had a very different function from that of bearing witness to facts. The latter function was best discharged when the Spirit retreated from a mind which it had possessed, when a Christian, in the remissions of inspiration, fell into a state of calm memory, with nothing of his higher moods but the negative virtues which they had induced,—veracity, absence of all ambition, stillness and passiveness of sentiment.

We say, then, at the beginning, strangely confused and filled with smoke as is the atmosphere about this subject, that we see our object clearly, and will not confound it with any other. The question of the Gospels is not a question of inspiration, but a question of testimony. The party which continues to use that pedantic phrase, "plenary inspiration," in so loose and absurd a sense, not only asserts a theory, but affirms a fact on which the theory is in part predicated,—for which, perhaps, the theory is invented; namely, that the Gospels are historically accurate, that there is in them an absolute freedom from error. And this is made a capital point, the corner-stone of dogmatic orthodoxy. We propose to examine this corner-stone.

The first natural way of testing the correctness of any narrative is to compare it with the facts, however otherwise ascertained. But inasmuch as our sacred history covers a field which is not trodden by any other writers, and hardly touched, we find this method impossible. Yet since we have in our record several testimonies, one may be tried by the other; having made one Gospel the criterion of what really transpired, we may thereby test the faithfulness of all others which relate the same thing;

and although this method cannot absolutely establish the fidelity of either, it may make the fidelity highly probable, and, on the other hand, it may, if it turn out differently, demonstrate the alternative of one or another being incorrect.

There is only one way in which a fact really happened; and there is properly only one way in which it can be truly reported. It may be viewed on different sides, and different parts or aspects of it may be reported; but all these differences in the report must, as we say, be consistent, must stand together as making up a statement of one fact. The theological expounder may surpass the serpent in sly and slippery argument; but he cannot get out of the grasp of this plain rule of common sense, that two inconsistent reports of a fact cannot be both correct. Small inconsistencies may, indeed, only confirm the veracity of both witnesses; but they conclusively disprove the absolute accuracy of one.

A recent writer has aimed to cover up the distinction between a real and an imagined error. But we are not affected by his profusion. A mere appearance of error may be explained away, the deficiencies of evidence may be supplied, and further investigations may remove our grounds of censure. But any real error in the Gospels, however minute, is absolutely destructive to the theory in question. The *perfection* of the record, therefore, or, as they prefer to term it, its "infallibility," is asserted as with one voice by Gaussen, Kirk, Hengstenberg, and the North British Review; and they seem really to hope to rally the intelligent world again under that banner, shot through and falling in pieces from the hardships of former battles. It is indeed something remarkable, that a theory which is based on no claim of the writers themselves, which is younger in the Church than Chrysostom, which Luther would not tolerate, which had been buried in state at the beginning of this century, and which even Coleridge, the resuscitator of shadows, scorned to evoke, should be made to revisit the world in the broad day of critical inquiry, and be treated with the respect which belongs to flesh and blood. It shows a great fear in the breasts of so many, if it do not, as we think it cannot, show a great conviction.

. We confess that we feel some shame at this aspect of

orthodoxy. These hoods of ancient errors, and these sober suits of a no longer possible reverence, seem to us any thing but a solemn garb. The arguments of the inspirationists sound to us like the fainting voices of the last apologists. The series which began with Justin Martyr appears to be closing. A fire appears to be breaking out in the foundations; and we hear the spirits muttering, "Let us go hence." The forced theories which have recently prevailed in conservative ranks seem to us the last feeble gesticulations of sinking faith. They have the formality and sadness of mourners at a funeral. They appear to be joining a procession into a world of shadows. They seem to complete the divorce of the Church from God and fact. They strip the soul, indeed, of all inspiration, and bow down before a "critical edition." They are our day's idolatries, and must be treated with something of the severity which is merited by apostasies from a generous faith.

It is a great dishonor to God, indeed, to suppose that his revelations are thrown upon our mercy, and that we must handle them with fearful tenderness. An equal error is it to suppose that any thing divine needs to be sustained by difficult theories, and a belief at war with open fact. God will take care of his own evidences. We need not be anxious lest He who gave a religion to the world shall let it fall. Our office is to study and love and prefer whatever he has set before us in the world of reality, to place the real always before the fictitious, to love the light rather than darkness, and to trust so far in his spirit as to believe that he deserts no mind which cherishes in itself the virtues. Of these virtues, veracity, honor, courage, are among the chief, and they should be exercised in the field of the Christian evidences. Christianity cannot be rescued by finesse. Wariness and circumspection are not virtues when they stand alone. Love of truth is the great virtue of the intellect; and should only be restrained by the love of men. It is profane to suppose that documents intended by God for the instruction of the nations need to be spared the exercise on them of our faculties.

Strangely enough, it seems to be a common feeling that he is the best Christian who makes that statement of the contents of the Gospels, or of the results of his

comparison of them, which most coincides with the previously entertained notions of their sacredness. On a question simply of fact, there is an endeavor to make as small admissions as possible, as if there were a responsibility resting on us to believe much and see things in a certain way. But the first act of impartial inquiry, surely, (and it is certainly a simple one,) is to look into the fact, and for convenience' sake to state it, neither adding to it nor taking from it, nor altering it in any way, but bringing it into a general statement, that we may better reflect on it and deduce from it whatever should fairly be deduced from it.

Now in comparing together the four books in which a narrative of events in the life of Christ is given, we find this fact. There are differences between them, differences in part, indeed, merely of greater or less fulness, or results of diverse views, but in part also amounting to substantial discrepancies, and sometimes affecting seriously the purport of Christ's instructions. And these differences are not few and slight, but many and of considerable importance. That it may be seen that we speak not at random, it is necessary that we should exhibit several of these.

A marked disagreement exists in the two reports of the Sermon on the Mount, one in the first, the other in the third Gospel. We do not refer to the merely superficial discrepancies in the statements of the occasion, place, and audience. That one writes "in the mountain," and the other "in the plain," is one of those differences in which Paley might take pleasure. For if Jesus went into the mountain, it was surely not to remain there, or to address the world from the top of it; and when the other narrator says that he came down into the plain, it is implied that he had been first in the mountain. Nor will we make any thing of "the multitudes" being the company addressed in the one record, and "the disciples" being evidently the persons addressed in the other; for this, though an important variance, may be denied, or may be reconciled. Our point is, that what we call the Sermon on the Mount in Matthew was, according to his testimony, spoken by Christ at one time, as a continuous discourse, so as he there delivers it. And it must be confessed, that nothing could have more plainly the

stamp of genuineness, than this report has in the main. Nothing could be more in character, nor more appropriate to the circumstances, than the memorable beatitudes, — the blessing of those who felt spiritual destitution; of those who mourned the disorders of the time; of those who hungered and thirsted after a truer righteousness than that of the religious teachers of the day; of those who, tried by doubt and error, should, for their purity of intention, be rewarded at last with seeing God. Nothing could be more natural than the main drift of the discourse, in which Jesus defines his position as an innovator, declares that he does not abrogate the received religion, and explains somewhat in detail his relation to it; and nothing could be more in keeping than that brief summary of some of the leading principles of his morality. We therefore incline to adopt the report in Matthew as authentic. But, however this may be, it is only to the purpose now to observe that the first, in order, of the “inspired writers,” relates that the Sermon on the Mount was so spoken, — so as it is there set down.

In Luke we have a report of this address, not only varying, but discordant (vi. 20–49). The introductory beatitudes are not only verbally altered, but have a different sense. Only a brief sketch is given of the main argument, and that incorrect and confused. Topics which in Matthew are separate (as v. 38 and v. 43), in Luke are mingled. And many portions of the discourse as exhibited in Matthew, are reported by Luke in connection with other occasions in other places. See Luke xi. 1–4, the important passage containing the Lord’s prayer, where some maintain the more natural connection is given; xii. 22–31, the saying of the ravens and of the lilies, naturally introduced; xi. 9–13, the well-known “Ask and it shall be given you,” &c.; xiii. 24, the “Strive to enter in,” with its sequel; xiii. 25–27, “Lord, Lord, open unto us”; xvi. 13, the “God and Mammon” in a new connection; xii. 58, a precept introduced in an unaccountable connection; xi. 34–36, “the light of the body is the eye,” in an apparently false connection; and two sayings in xvi. 17, 18, in no connection whatever. There is room for difference of opinion how this dispersion of the members of this great discourse is to be accounted for; but there is no room for difference of opinion as to the fact.

And from the fact the necessary inference is, that one or the other Evangelist is wrong.*

The suggestion which is sometimes made in such exegetical straits as this, that different discourses are reported, surely does not merit attention. For every candid and intelligent reader must perceive that the same discourse is aimed at, that we have in the two reports two varying forms in which the same fact was handed down. Was the fact this? Or was it that? If Jesus began his address on the occasion intended, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," he did not begin it, "Blessed be ye poor." And, in general, there is no room for question, that, if Matthew's be a correct report, that contained in Luke is not. A matter of fact like this requires no delicacy, and no circumlocution. It lies on the face of the record. It was put there by him who made the record. And it is one of the circumstances which determine the character of that record.

Another instance of variation of such a sort as to constitute an absolute incompatibility, is found in that which in the first historian is an address of instructions to the twelve (Matt. x.), the matter of which is given by Luke, divided into two parts; one, and that the smaller (ix. 1), addressed to the twelve, and the other, the larger portion (x. 1), addressed to the seventy, whose mission Matthew omits. Here the advocates of "plenary inspiration" and its consequences must adventure the extravagant hypothesis of a verbal repetition, on a second occasion, of a great part of this long discourse.

But still more, in Luke's report of the address to the seventy we find matter introduced (x. 13-15) which apparently does not belong there, but which has its real place assigned it in Matthew xi. 20-27. One of the records or the other may be supposed to be the more authentic. But can it be imagined that this upbraiding of the cities was twice gone through, with such verbal sameness?

We will take another instance, in which the variation is smaller, and in which the variation may be easily ac-

* In Matthew himself there are sayings incorporated in the address, which probably did not belong to it. This is very likely the case with the Lord's prayer, which wants connection and appropriateness there, and is more naturally introduced in Luke.

counted for. There are two occasions on which it is related that Christ made a child the subject of a lesson to his disciples, but with entirely different intents; one, when he took a babe in his arms, and made it a symbol of fitness for the kingdom of heaven, a symbol of simplicity, perhaps, and docility; another, when he placed a child (not brought by the parents, but probably a child of age, a school-child who had strayed into the circle) in the midst before all, and said to his followers, that whoever "received," befriended, we will suppose, and taught such a child in his name, received him, — a lesson of active humility. We see how these occasions are distinguished, and how also they might be confounded. They are held perfectly distinct by all three Evangelists, and the words of Christ are given with substantial fidelity, except that one sentence is by Matthew taken from where it belongs, in the sequel of the first incident, after xix. 14 (see Mark x. 15 and Luke xviii. 17), and transferred to the connection of the second, xviii. 3, where it is made to join with what follows by a phrase peculiar to that report.* These things may not be at war with virtual fidelity; but they look not like instances of what is claimed, miraculous accuracy.

But we will end with a more important instance, and one which leaves us more at fault; and this time it concerns not a discourse, but an event. The first three Evangelists relate with unmistakable distinctness, that Jesus on the first day of unleavened bread caused preparations to be made for the paschal supper, and that at evening, the usual season of the Passover, he sat for the last time at table with his friends, and on the next day suffered. The fourth Evangelist relates, on the contrary, that this last supper took place "*before* the feast of the Passover," and that Jesus had already suffered, and his body become an offence to the Jews, before the hour of the Passover had arrived. (See John xiii. 1; xviii. 28, 39; xix. 14, 31, 42.) There are explanations of this discordance that remove every imputation upon the Evangelists by which our confidence in their general truth

* It is an instance of false criticism on the part of the Tübingen critics, that Schwegeler makes Matthew here the standard, and would show from him that the others did not comprehend the sense of the second incident.

would be shaken, but none which leave intact the so-called "infallibility" of the record. Unless Jesus partook of the last supper twice, and was crucified twice, one or the other document is incorrect.*

If these were the only instances, or selected with difficulty, we should be less amazed at the boldness of some recent apologists. But we will venture to say, that they are but fair instances of the relation to one another in general of these compositions. The discrepancies are obvious to the unlearned, and they only multiply under the examination of scholars. For one difference which criticism removes, there are ten which it discloses. The frequent incompatibility of the narratives, as strict ocular and auricular testimonies, is a thing which cannot be disputed, unless we put the books and ourselves out of the reach of the ordinary rules of examination and the universal laws of evidence. No man ever denied it who examined the books themselves, before having determined from other sources what they were. The denials proceed from men who have already shaped their doctrine, and doctrine involving the character of the record, from extraneous considerations, — the tradition of the Church, the general agreement of Christians, the supposed want, the necessity, which they think they see, for a literal and indisputable criterion, — and then, with these preconceptions and prejudgments, proceed to the examination of the evidence. The fact disproves the claim of Protestants, that their doctrine is founded on Scripture only. Much more it is founded on tradition and supposed reason. There is a floating tradition of what the general purport of Scripture is, and certain forms of

* We know not how those who assign the Gospel of John to a post-apostolic age account for this circumstance. For it would seem that a writer of the second century (A. D. 150 - 70, says Baur), knowing the other Gospels, as he certainly must, would have been careful not to vary from them in such a particular.

The existence of the variation is matter beyond question. The present writer listened to a very labored attempt of Hengstenberg to reason it out of the book; but it was a sad piece of oppressive ingenuity. For ourselves, we take the narrative in John for correct; and we regard the error in the other books as one of the proofs of the traditionary character of those testimonies. The error would slide in unperceived. It is a point on which, after twenty or thirty years, the tradition might easily have erred. And the error was favored by the tendency to make Christ in all respects a pattern of Jewish righteousness.

doctrine in which, as Scriptural, the generations are educated; and when the books come to be intelligently examined, they are examined under all the prepossession of an already fixed religion. In respect to Scripture, among Protestants, this religion amounts to superstition. A sacred cloud blinds the most sagacious. The divine oracles seem to them to bleed, when the knife of logic is applied to them. They devoutly pray that they may not find error. They earnestly believe that a sound system of doctrine, and so the salvation of the world, hangs, as by a multitude of fine threads, on the literal veracity of holy writ. The student therefore lays in stores of learning, *for the purpose*, from the beginning, of defending the evidences. Of course it is not strange, that, in the amazing ingenuity of these times, criticism should be found for any thing. The theologian would be ill-schooled who should be reduced wholly to silence in advocating any extravagance. But long before the arguing is over, the sound and candid understanding may see the truth and acknowledge it. That which is disputed may become no longer disputable, and the matter be settled beyond controversy.

Of the admitted discrepancies of the Gospels there is an attempt at explanation, that shall avoid the concession of any imperfection, and sustain the character which is *a priori*, and for dogmatic reasons, imputed to the writings, — and it is indeed a very bold one, and certainly one broad enough. It proceeds on the assumption, that, when events, and especially discourses of Jesus, are related differently, they were in fact different; that in such cases the same thing substantially, only differenced thus and so, as the inspired narrative shows, took place twice, thrice, or as many times as there are varying reports of it. Thus what you call the varying report in Luke of the Sermon on the Mount, is no report of the Sermon on the Mount at all, but of a different address. It is true, that on one occasion Christ began a discourse of instruction, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," and went on as set down in Matthew; but should this prevent him from beginning his instruction on another occasion, "Blessed are ye poor," and pursuing it as we read in Luke? And when one inspired writer had recorded one of these addresses, is it not natural that another inspired writer should omit that and record the other? We may try

this mode of riding over the difficulty by applying its method to an entirely different matter.

If one witness relate that Napoleon sailed from Elba in a brig, with eleven hundred men, and landed at Cannes in the evening of the 1st of March, and another that he sailed in a ship with nine hundred men and landed at Cannes in the afternoon of that day, — one that he advanced immediately to Grenoble and uttered certain proclamations, the other, that he went forward only after some delay and uttered proclamations of a different tenor, — how would it do to conclude that Napoleon sailed twice from Elba, once in a ship and once in a brig, that he took two different bodies of men with him, that he landed twice at Cannes, that there were two advances towards Grenoble, that the different versions of his proclamations refer to different instruments, and so on through the whole journey to Paris?

We cannot engage fruitfully in the investigation of the Christian evidences without the docile spirit of liberal inquiry. It is essential that we should feel a sincere interest in the fact as it is, and not aim to mould it into the form of our presupposition. In argument we must cherish candor and tolerance. That spirit of the pugilist, which has crept into this, as into other spheres of earnest discussion, is in this unusually fatal. The class of writers is not small, who, when they find reasons unanswerable, think they can despatch them with an epithet. There is a gladiatorial, jealous spirit in most, as well sceptical as orthodox, arguing on this subject, which we would gladly exorcise. It should be understood, that we are little likely to refute an opinion which we hate; for what we hate, we seldom understand. The questions in this department are certainly difficult ones; they require both learned and long investigations; they are essentially questions of probability; and they therefore should be treated with care and candor, with long reflection and digestion of reasons, with a diligent collation of considerations affecting them, with soberness of judgment and mutual scholarship. The declaimers will hold their way in spite of us, and on both sides with equal vehemence and invective. But the public interest is only the truth.

And candor is of hardly more importance than precision. Evangelical criticism has reached a stage in which

general and loose statements are no longer of any value. Every statement should have the precision of a die. We should know the subject of which any thing is predicated ; and we should know what is predicated of it. The reader in this department is often at a loss to discover precisely of what the writer makes his affirmation. He finds "the Gospels" spoken of, without being notified whether under that term he is to understand the extant canonical Gospels, or the extant Gospels with certain exceptions and excisions, or some books or other which answered substantially to them, or, in general, historical books received by the Church as sacred. He finds a writing designated as "Matthew" ; but whether by that be meant the book we have, or a supposed book of which we read in the early testimonies, and whether the identity of these is taken for granted, he is not informed. The language used concerning these uncertain entities is often equally indeterminate. The subject being treated from a dogmatic and partisan interest, general defiant assertions are made, or assertions which leave all the difficulties still afloat. The minds of our divines need to be educated to the profitable discussion of this subject.

The opinion that the records of Christ now possessed by the Church were not composed at once by appointed men, but came into existence by a conglomeration of testimonies around certain narratives of individual authority which formed their nuclei, is not to be confounded with the opinion that the records are corrupt. Nor is there any occasion for a polemical attack on such an opinion, as if it were unfavorable to a reverence for these writings, even if that consideration were of any pertinency in an inquiry of this nature. That opinion, moreover, is, *a priori*, at least as probable as the more ancient one, that the four Gospels are the original work of four separate and single men. And the hypothesis which it makes is not at all unnatural. For so long as any persons were alive who could give authentic testimony of Christ, it is not reasonable to suppose that Christians would refuse to receive such testimony ; and receiving it, they would naturally incorporate it with such narratives as they already had, if they had any. And it is wholly irrelevant to press an argument from the rever-

ence, amounting almost to superstition, which was subsequently entertained for the books when completed, and which guarded them from mutilation and spurious additions, in order to show that the early Christians would not have pursued such a collating method in the construction of them. For the very respect for Jesus which made Christians of one day jealous for the preservation of their Scriptures, would make Christians of an earlier day earnest for the perfecting of their Scriptures. If, indeed, it be assumed that, before any others began to think of writing memoirs of that august personage, persons appointed by him for that express purpose composed certain accounts which they gave to the Church, and which the Church received, as authoritative and final, the process suggested could not easily have gone on. But for that assumption there is no ground except a popular prejudice. The theory of "inspired penmen" and an "apostolic record," as commonly understood, is purely taken out of the air. There is no material for such a theory. The age to which our sacred books are ascribed is all vacant, for us to occupy it as we will with such hypotheses as answer to probability and the actual character of the Scriptures to be accounted for, and to the very slight and meagre evidence which remains to us from an age near enough to that to make its evidence important. Since these several sources of argument, then, the look of the Scriptures themselves, the probability of the case, and the hints of testimony, tend, as we shall shortly show in part more particularly, to prove that Apostles, or men of authority associated with them, wrote *something*; and since it is also probable, from the same considerations, that this something would not be either exhaustive or absolutely authoritative, but would leave other information to be obtained from other witnesses of equal credibility, — it stands to reason and to the evidence, that any such supplementary information, which might be obtained, would not be either neglected or left to perish, or even be distributed in numerous separate books, but that, in obedience to the spirit of order and classification, the fragments would be moulded together into wholes, and such accounts as were supposed defective made as far as possible complete, and among accounts which were discrepant, the seeming preferable preferred. And

from a process of this nature might result books corresponding well in the main with the apostolic preaching, and yet not, at least in their entirety, the proper work of apostolic hands. Such being the probability, it remains for us to inquire, unbiased and untroubled by any long-received theory, what it is, with regard to the Gospels, which may be proved.

Mr. Norton, in his careful and learned work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," has done a great and generally acknowledged service, in showing the strength and the extent of the presumptive evidence for the truth of the Gospel history. We are of opinion, however, that his argument applies less powerfully to the precise points for which he expressly frames it, than to more general conclusions. If his argument is to be taken solely in its bearing on the genuineness of the records in question, on that point, as he defines it, we find reason to regret, in the first place, that he did not take a more extended view of the objections which have been raised in respectable quarters, and, in the second place, that his distinctions were not more nice. In his eagerness to destroy and leave no vestige of the theory of Eichhorn, he passes by other theories which, not, like that, defunct, have numerous living and able defenders. He speaks too much in terms of odium of approximations to views which are at least as much in consistency with the evidence as his own. And having begun and constructed his work with reference solely to certain hypotheses, he is unable in a subsidiary way to take proper notice of another, which is much more worthy of his pains. The whole matter of the theory of their composition, apart from the question who the authors were, he thinks to be finished clean in the alternative that they either were originally composed by one hand as they now are, or that they have been corrupted. But into the middle of this alternative there inserts itself a third hypothesis, the only theory which in our judgment is now tenable, that the Gospels were gradually composed. If a critic do not see the difference between such a gradual composition as we have suggested, and a "tampering with" the records, he will thereby be incapable of properly estimating the argument. It is true we refer only to the synoptists, that is to say, to the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

The Gospel of John is a separate affair; and it must be handled by itself.* But of the synoptists we assert, without intending here to adduce the proof of it, that, whether the testimonies contained in them be primitive or not, (we believe that they mostly are primitive,) there are considerations of such force as not only make probable, but demonstrate, that they were not composed each freely by an originally working hand. The character of the books is such as, when carefully examined, and indeed in some measure on a cursory perusal, to show that they are digested collectanea, and that the hands which digested them were not hands of Apostles. This is one of the results of the criticism of this century, which we consider made out, established, and beyond question. We make no objection to Mr. Norton's first proposition, that "the Gospels remain essentially the same as they were originally composed," if that mean that the books we have remain essentially the same as they were when finally digested, — if the word "originally" be intended to cover nothing more than the origin of these particular books, the completion and final composing, correcting, and trimming of the material in hand. But as we follow our learned captain in his strenuous dissertation, we perceive that there lurks in the proposition another meaning, and that part of the intended affirmation is, that

* The objections of the Tübingen school to this Gospel are of a peculiar nature, and find some answer in the ready and strong sense which all readers have of the apostolic worthiness of the Gospel. That it is the work of one soul profoundly moved and religiously raised, cannot be doubted. Nor is it easy to see any improbability, much less impossibility, that a Galilean fisherman, having experienced the influence of Christ's familiar companionship, and then lived half a century under the education of such a religion, and in such a position as John occupied, should be capable of that mystic strain which has charmed the world. We hope it will not be thought irreverent if we suggest, as a fact illustrative of this, that the celebrated Rousseau, at the age at which St. John is supposed to have attached himself to Jesus, had not addicted himself in any manner whatever to literature, but was a domestic servant. The mystic, or, if you will, philosophic strain, which is recognized in the fourth Gospel, affords no ground for a presumption against the tradition as to its authorship. The trace of later opinions, which certain critics think they find in the book, may easily be imagined by men who are predisposed to find the literature of the Church subsequent to its doctrine. For the rest, we wait with impatience for opportunity to examine those citations in the work of Hippolytus, which Chevalier Bunsen promises shall certify the Gospel as far back as the year 120. They will furnish a new and important item of evidence, and, if they turn out as the editor describes them, will undo at a stroke the labored arguments over which Baur and his disciples have been singing pæans these ten years.

each Gospel was composed by one person as an original work. This we not only call in question; but we are ready, if necessary, fully to disprove it.

It must be acknowledged, in justice to the work in view, that its second proposition, that the books "were written by those whose names they bear," would cover the ambiguity of the former proposition, and, if fully proved, leave it comparatively unimportant after what method and with what helps, if any, persons holding such a station saw fit to indite these Scriptures. But this proposition Mr. Norton, unhappily, not from any deficiency of logic, but, as all other reasoners, from utter want of evidence, absolutely fails to prove. Again, we say, our remarks apply only to the synoptists. With regard to them, we aver our confident conviction, that all attempts to establish on a sure foundation the correctness of the popular tradition as to the authorship of those books, will fatally miscarry. But something more of this presently.

Before quitting these volumes, we must say that Mr. Norton's position is very much weakened by the exceptions he makes from the genuineness of the contents of the books. Olshausen and others who preceded Norton were more secure, in being more consistent. Whatever historical evidence applies to any part of the books, applies to the whole of them. The orthodox apologist does well to hold on to such evidence as there is, with the clench of despair. The moment the validity or the sufficiency of that evidence is doubted, the critic drifts away into questions of great difficulty and of doubtful issue. So soon as we let go our grip of the tradition, we all go floundering together into the sea of the internal evidence.

And when once there, who shall say whither we may swim? And who can assure us that we shall not drown? If one critic clips off one chapter, another critic clips off another. The last of John follows the first of Matthew; the adulterous woman follows the last of John; Judas's death, the risen saints, and the second feeding of the multitudes, all start away; the first miracle and the last charge sit uneasily in their places; and the whole record seems to be alive with an insurrection of doubts.

They therefore act prudently, who, wishing to maintain an absolute criterion of dogmatic accuracy, resolutely

refuse to lend a hearing to any suggestions of such a suspicious nature, and regard the whole document as of uniform, immaculate authority. Nothing less than the dogmatic assertion of a miracle, than the theoretic postulate of inspiration, can rescue the Scripture from the strictures of criticism. If the salvation of the world depend on the dogma of the Church being maintained, in respect to the canonicity and perfection of the evangelical records, the cultivated part of the world may well despair, and the ignorant part of it intrench themselves in an obstinate bigotry. We humbly believe that this is not the trench in which the battle of humanity is to be fought; that we can leave all the dogmas of the Church behind us without loss; that so long as we have Christ fixed in the soul of the world, and truth in the serene upper sky, all our prospects are bright, and the heritage of freedom remains unimpaired.

Christians at large are naturally content with a far less minute investigation of the evidences than becomes the professed Biblical student. For them, it is sufficient to learn that the Gospels we now possess have been immemorially received in the Christian Church. From that they draw the natural and just inference, that they contain a true account of the origin of the religion. Such an inference is entirely justified; and it is satisfactory. The faith of Christendom does not depend on any minuter evidence; and of course it is not sustained or shaken by learned studies. The general argument, in its rough shape, is what appeals to good sense and sound religious feeling. But when we proceed farther, as scholars, to investigate the authorship and composition of these books, we enter upon a matter of great delicacy and large extent, which demands such research, and requires such correctness and skill, that it can be properly handled only by those who have been truly initiated in liberal studies, and who have, moreover, made this a subject of special study. Not only is popular argument here wholly out of place; but the judgment of well-trained men is of little value, unless they have given a specific attention to the subject in hand.

A common feeling of the insecurity of the earlier evidences has led critics recently to take their departure from the latter part of the second century, and thence to reason

backwards. It is perfectly well known, and conceded on all hands, that our books were universally received among Christians at that time, and that they were referred back to the apostolic age, and ascribed to those persons whose names they have ever since borne. The works of Irenæus and Tertullian, Clement and Origen, leave nothing to be desired in the way of proof of this general reception and implicit belief. The books had at that period canonical and exclusive authority.

The next step is backward to Justin Martyr, in the middle or second third of the second century, whose earliest extant work, his first "Apology," is to be assigned to the year 139. From his numerous quotations of Holy Writ, it is the fair and just conclusion, a conclusion in which most of the learned, we believe, (with the exception of Baur and his followers,) are now agreed, that all our Gospels were, in substance at least, if not with all their present modifications and readings, and probably without their names, not only in existence in his time, and used by him, but that they were then respected as containing the true record of Christianity, to the exclusion of other books, with one or two exceptions, and that they were then publicly read in the assemblies of Christians, together with the books of the Old Testament.*

Here ends the clear direct evidence of the existence of our present books, unless we give weight to a report preserved in Eusebius, and enlarged by Jerome, that Pantænus, who was president of the school in Alexandria

* 'The numerous passages cited by Justin from what he calls the "Apostles' Memoirs," correspond in general as nearly with passages found in our Gospels, as we could presume they would do, under the circumstances, if he in fact quoted them. When the citations consist of words of Christ, they all thus correspond, the variations being only such as would naturally arise from his dispensing with the troublesome consultation of his scroll, and trusting to his memory, and also from his caring more for the substantial sense than for the letter of the expression. Indeed, his quotations of this description are as accurate as modern quotations of the Scriptures generally are. When, on the other hand, he cites facts, or circumstances of facts, they, in most of the instances, seem to be drawn from one or another of our books, or from several combined. But not in all. He in several places mentions circumstances which are not related in our Gospels. And the probability is, that he used, in addition to these books, a Gospel which has been lost. His citations from John, indeed, are slight; and they have been disputed. Citations from Mark, on account of the resemblance of that book to its congeners, are more difficult to establish, in one case only any thing being cited which is absolutely peculiar to the second Gospel. Dial. c. Tr. p. 333; compare Mark iii. 17.

(A. D. 192), going on a mission to India (Southern Arabia), found there a Hebrew Gospel of Matthew, which had been put into the hands of the believers of that country by Bartholomew, — and that he brought the book back with him to Egypt. This would certainly be very much in point, and would be of great importance in several ways. But unfortunately it is given by Eusebius only as a report, — “it is said,” “the report goes,” — and is probably no otherwise known to Jerome than through Eusebius. This clew vanishing, there is no testimony for the existence of the books which is more ancient than that of Justin Martyr. The supposed references contained in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers amount to nothing as testimonies to these specific books; and no ancient authorities, either in extant works, or preserved in the citations of later authors, furnish us any evidence for the existence of the books from an earlier period than that of the writings of Justin. Our most ancient testimony remains, for the present at least, and until other material be discovered, the testimony of the middle of the second century.

For the much mooted testimony of Papias will be found, on careful consideration, to be much less applicable to the point under discussion, than it has in some quarters been supposed to be. This testimony is thought to concern two of the four books, Matthew, namely, and Mark. Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, a Christian author, the time of whose flourishing is generally set down between A. D. 110 and A. D. 120, is quoted, indeed, by Eusebius, as making certain statements of interest on the subject of a certain book composed by Matthew, and another book composed by Mark. We are unable, however, to identify these compositions with the books which were afterward current and which are still preserved under their names. This is the point which seems to be forgotten by writers on this subject; although the flaw in the argument is such a one as could not pass unobserved or be other than fatal in any trial at law, or in a rigorous investigation of any other piece of literary evidence than this.

It is true that, when we find certain books in general use at the end of the century bearing the names of Matthew and Mark, then these same books quoted any-

mously in the middle of the century, and then a writer of the beginning of the century stating that Matthew and Mark actually wrote certain books under certain circumstances, it is natural enough to suppose that the books spoken of by the earlier witness are the same with those which were afterwards current, if the language in which he speaks of them and describes them be such as is applicable to the books in question, and if evidence from other quarters go to confirm such a conclusion. But nothing could be more rash, than, on the ground of the writing testified to being of the same general class, to conclude that it was identical with a writing which afterwards became known. It is very clear, for instance, that an early testimony concerning the composition of poems by Ossian, would not prove that he was the author of the particular poems translated by Mr. Macpherson. And it is very clear, also, that a statement of Papias, that Matthew and Mark wrote certain "Gospels," even if he used that very word, would not prove that they wrote the Gospels which we have. Giving Papias full credit for being a trustworthy and well-informed man, which we know no reason to doubt, notwithstanding Eusebius's fling at him, the application which we should make of his evidence will depend wholly on our understanding of that evidence. We shall have to go to his own language to discover of what books, or of what kind of books, he speaks.

We do not doubt that this piece of evidence is generally read with an understanding that the writer of it had the canonical books especially in his eye, and intended thereby to confirm them. But since one of the questions at issue is, whether the books existed at the time that sentence was penned, and another is, whether they were canonical, and another still, whether they had then any names attached to them, it is certainly rather rapid reasoning to beg all these questions at once, and wholly forget the difference between those times and our own. Certain it is that Eusebius quotes Papias with reference to the received Gospels. But this is purely the historian's affair, and does not compromise the witness, or change at all the nature of his testimony. What, then, is that testimony?

The reported statement of Papias is, that "Matthew,

in the Hebrew language, compiled (συνετάξατο) the oracles or sacred sayings" (τὰ λόγια), *scilicet* "of the Lord," and that "every one interpreted them as he was able." This is the whole of his information concerning Matthew. Now what kind of book is there described? The work of Papias himself, from which this statement is taken, was entitled, Λογίων Κυριακῶν Εξηγήσεις, or, as Jerome rightly translates it, "*Sermonum Domini Explanatio*," explanation of the Lord's sayings. And are we to suppose that Papias uses the word λόγια in description of Matthew's work in any other sense than that in which he applies it to his own? The common use of the word, when we translate it "oracles," implies the utterance of divine wisdom. So, when it is used with regard to Christ, it describes his sayings as, in like manner, an utterance of divine wisdom. The language of Papias, naturally taken, signifies that Matthew collected the sacred instructions of Christ, collected them into a book. And such a collection, although it might perhaps include notices of the occasions of the instructions, and other elucidations of them, would not, in all probability, constitute a complete book of history, or what is called in modern times a Gospel, like our Matthew. Neither the section giving account of the birth and infancy, nor that detailing the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ, could be included in a collection of the sacred sayings, the λόγια. The statement of Papias does not cover, therefore, the book to which Eusebius and those who have followed him would apply it.

It must be admitted, indeed, that the collection spoken of by Papias could not have been a collection entirely different from and disconnected with those which have been preserved to us; because such a collection as he speaks of would be too important to be lost. But we are far from being driven to the alternative, that the work spoken of answered in full to the book now extant. The name of Matthew, attached by tradition to the first book of the New Testament, of itself makes it probable that that book has some connection in fact with his testimony. It is more natural to suppose a real connection, than to believe that the name was attached to the book without authority, for no better reason, perhaps, than that this old bishop stated, that Matthew had written something simi-

lar. And since there is no evidence to the contrary, we should confidently presume that there was a connection of substance between the two. But that is very far from presuming them identical. The evidence of Papias, on the contrary, is opposed to this presumption. It greatly favors the hypothesis, which other considerations render highly probable, that a register of the most important sayings of Christ by the Apostle formed the nucleus of the present Gospel, in which other testimonies were afterwards incorporated; and that, though "according to Matthew" might be very allowable in the title, the completed book could by no means be regarded as Matthew's work. Whether that which is here conjectured be indeed the fact, can be determined only after submitting the book itself to a close literary inspection. The more our knowledge of the literary habits of Irenæus, his contemporaries and successors, leads us to distrust their decision on a question of criticism like this, the more we are sent home to our own judgment. As has been said, we are here bound by no evidence. It is all a matter of probability and conjecture, and rational presumption from very slight historical hints, and from the character of the record itself, which we possess in full. It is the latter which will chiefly determine us. And as we study that record with reference to a theory of its composition, the presumption will gradually rise to certainty, that, if the first Gospel contain the testimony of the Apostle Matthew, written down by himself, that does not constitute the whole of the book, but is incorporated in a mass of heterogeneous information, some of which is derived from witnesses of inferior credibility.

Of Mark, Papias writes more at length, and more specifically, and grounds his statement on the authority of an earlier witness, namely, "the presbyter" John. The purport of what he states on this head is well known,—that Mark, Peter's interpreter, not having been a hearer nor a follower of the Lord, but only of the Apostle, set down in order what he remembered of the sayings and doings of Christ, according to Peter's preaching, who, it is remarked, did not relate things in their order, but according as the occasion of his preaching demanded; and it is added, that Mark was careful neither to omit nor falsify any thing of what he heard. Now, in respect

to this important testimony, which is in fact the testimony of the "presbyter," the grave question immediately arises, who the person here spoken of is; whether he be indeed that John Mark of whom we find mention made in various places in the New Testament, at whose mother's house the disciples were wont to assemble at Jerusalem, and to whom the Church attributes the second Gospel, or whether he be another person. It is not easy to believe that a man so situated and so related as this disciple, should never have been a hearer or follower of Jesus. And still more, if he were the person intended, we should expect to hear something from the presbyter of Paul and Barnabas as his teachers; for it is with them that we read of his travelling, and there is nothing in the New Testament which links him especially with Peter, — the salutation at the close of the Epistle of Peter referring, we think, to a different man. If the Mark of Papias, then, be not that John Mark to whom the Church has ascribed the second book of its collection, and, indeed, however that point may be determined, it will remain to be shown, that the Papias testimony has any thing to do with that second book. And in fact, all historical means of identifying those notes of Peter's preaching and our second Gospel absolutely fail us; and we are cast back upon the Gospel itself, to determine, from its conformation and character, whether it is a book which might have been so composed. In spite of Lücke's judgment to the contrary, we think it has not that appearance. And if the conclusion of eminent critics be true, that the second Gospel is derived almost exclusively from the first and the third, we cannot of course identify it with a writing having an independent authority, such as that described by Papias. In short, there is great improbability for the received opinion, and nothing whatever to overcome it but a coincidence of names.

If we may follow the hints of the New Testament, the Mark who attended Peter was not that John of Jerusalem, but the Apostle's own son; for so he is called in that text, at the close of Peter's Epistle, where the Church, ever on the lookout for spiritual meanings, has been unwilling to find any thing but a spiritual relation. We think that Neander has the right on his side, when, against De Wette, he understands *ἡ συνεκλεκτή*, "my con-

sociate in election," to signify his *wife*, and not a church. And if so, the literal understanding of "son" follows as matter of course. This would not, it is true, affect much, one way or the other, the evangelical question.

It would be much more to the purpose to find, in that citation of Justin Martyr referred to by Mr. Norton (Vol. I. p. 192), an allusion to our Gospel as "a Gospel of Peter." But the language does not bear that sense. The *αὐτοῦ* of the clause in question must refer to the same subject as the *αὐτὸν* of the clause preceding it, and that is Christ.* By "his memoirs," Justin means the memoirs of the Saviour.

The conclusion is, that we have nothing whatever to identify the composition spoken of by Papias with our second Gospel, and that all the objections to that identification which are derived from the character of the Gospel itself remain in their full force.*

* It is quite possible that those notes spoken of by him were incorporated in our third Gospel, and were among the writings referred to in the introduction to it.

The third Gospel is without that shadow of direct evidence which is enjoyed by the other two. But it possesses a much greater advantage in having the support of the book of Acts, which is evidently, as it purports to be, from the same author, and, indeed, only a second part of the same work. That the author was Luke, "the beloved physician," the assistant of Paul in Rome (Col. iv. 14; 2 Tim. iv. 11; Philem. 24), to whom the tradition ascribes it, is for several reasons improbable. (See De Wette, *Einleitung*, §§ 101, 114, 115.) There is no mention made of this Roman physician as being among the attendants of Paul on his journey, although the names of his attendants are in several places given. It is more natural, therefore, to ascribe those narratives in the Acts, which are given in the first person, to some one

* The passage is as follows: καὶ τὸ εἶπεν μετωνομακεῖν αὐτὸν Πέτρον ἕνα τῶν ἀποστόλων, καὶ γεγράφθαι ἐν τοῖς ἀπομνημόεσιν αὐτοῦ, γεγενημένον καὶ τοῦτο, μετὰ τοῦ καὶ ἄλλους, κ. τ. λ. — then the citation of Mark iii. 17. Olshausen, though under the same temptation with Norton, acknowledges that the *αὐτοῦ* must refer to Christ. Schwegler, under a different dogmatic bias, hoping to prove that Justin used a Petrine Gospel, allows himself the same violence with which Norton is chargeable. And Credner, before them both, had done the same. But De Wette's true philological sense sees the inadmissibility of the interpretation.

who, we have reason to believe, was in Paul's company; to Timothy, for instance, for whose authorship several circumstances speak. But since other portions of the book betray a much more remote connection with the events, we are not justified in the conclusion that the whole work proceeded from that person. Both books, the Acts as well as the Gospel, were evidently composed with the use of previous documents, and not merely from the author's own reminiscences and the result of his own inquiries. We see the influence of Paul in the doctrinal coloring of certain parts; and that the author was not a Hebrew, but a Gentile Christian, appears from several allusions to popular customs, and from the fluent and correct manner in which he writes the Greek.

From the fact that the Apostle is left by the Acts in imprisonment at Rome, and nothing is related of his subsequent life, it has been inferred that, when the book was composed, Paul remained in that situation, and that the date of the whole work is hereby determined for us. This inference, however, is very hasty. For whereas the arrival of Paul at Rome could not have been later than A. D. 62, and the period at which the history leaves him not later, therefore, than A. D. 64, references to the destruction of Jerusalem in the Gospel show, in all probability, that that, the earlier, part of the work was not composed until after that event, which took place in A. D. 70. And a much more probable reason for the book closing where it does is to be found in the fact, that what the author proposed to himself, namely, a history of the foundation and spread of the religion, is there completed, and any thing further would be supererogatory. The theme of the book of the Acts is set forth in the first chapter. It is that promise and prophecy of Christ, "Ye shall receive power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you; and ye shall be my witnesses, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." The author had proposed to himself the history of the fulfilment of this promise; and he considers that fulfilment complete when the Apostle has preached the Gospel at Rome, and there "taught those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

The Gospel of Luke was certainly a later product of

the Church than the Gospel of Matthew. But from the examination of both is to be drawn the same inference, the inference which all the testimonies favor, that these evangelical records were not made by the hands of the first disseminators of the religion, at a time closely subsequent to the events, but by men of a second class, and at a later day, using in their composition accounts of an earlier date, some of which were written by eyewitnesses, and many of which perhaps bore the authority of Apostles.

The fourth Gospel stands by itself, distinct and peculiar. It is of a character not to be classed with the rest. It is manifestly the work of a single soul, religiously elevated and penetrated with conviction. And it breathes Apostolic dignity and authority. And yet, singularly enough, the tone and color of the representation of Christ, and the style of the composition, mark it as less primitive than the greater part of the synoptical Gospels. It is the work of a more reflective age. It has far less the stamp of a first impression. This fact is accounted for by the great age of John, and the length of time during which his genius and the common mind had been ripening under the influences of Christianity, at the time when the Gospel was composed. Indeed, the Matthew who filled the office of collector of customs on the great road to Damascus, and was content to be reckoned among the *ἀμαρτωλοῖς*, until a mightier voice called him, the author of the collection of sayings of which Papias speaks, was certainly not more different from the careful, methodical compiler of the canonical Gospel which goes by his name, than John, the fiery fisherman, who would call down fire on the Samaritans, and who earned by the vehemence of his temper the name of Boanerges, was from the mild and gentle nature which forty or fifty years later embodied in literature those mystic conversations of his Master which have so largely increased the substantial consolations of humanity.

In a sketch like the present, we cannot, of course, go into the details of the subject. It is one of the most difficult problems in literary history to establish the relation which our Gospels bear to one another, and frame a probable theory of their composition. Concerning the three first, or the so-called synoptical Gospels, however, we

consider the following points to be sufficiently established:

1. That they are not wholly independent compositions.
2. That they differ from the fourth Gospel in not bearing the stamp of an individual mind, nor the character of continuous composition.
3. That there is in neither of them strict unity of style.
4. That there are in each of them statements, which could not have come from original witnesses.
5. That Matthew is not a mere translation of an Aramæan original.
6. That Luke is, in the greater part of its substance, independent of Matthew.*
7. That Mark is an excerpt from Matthew and Luke, generally abridged, with occasional glosses and strokes of graphic embellishment, and with some additions.†

* It deserves, however, to be carefully investigated, whether Matthew was not among the books referred to and used by Luke, and also whether there be any ground for the opinion of some, that John also was consulted by him.

† The free additions of Mark amount to only seventeen verses: iv. 26-29; vii. 32-37; viii. 22-26; and xiv. 51, 52. A variation exists in the story of the fig-tree, xi. 11-14. In ix. 33-50 we seem to have the preferable form of a narrative common to the three. The short passage xiii. 33-37 is only a condensation of Matthew xxiv. 37.-xxv. 13, compared with Luke xii. 35 et seq. The relation of the synoptical Gospels to one another is best investigated with the aid of the Harmony published by De Wette and Lücke, "*Synopsis Evangeliorum Matthæi, Marci et Lucæ cum parallelis Joannis pericopis, ex recensione Griesbachii cum selecta lectionum varietate, Berolini et Londini MDCCCXVIII.*," in which each of the three Gospels successively holds the leading place, and the disadvantage is avoided which results from preferring one as the standard, and breaking up the order of the others to bring them into parallelism with it. After the student has carefully gone through the whole of Mark in such a synopsis, comparing it with the others at every step, there can hardly a doubt remain upon him, that Mark is written from Matthew and Luke.

Moreover, we look in vain through the Gospel for any marks of the Apostle Peter having had any share in its origin. Some passages which concern him, such as the "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona," are omitted; others, where he was chief witness, show no sign of his more special testimony. Allusions to Jewish customs and explanations of them, such as that of the ceremonial lavations, vii. 2-4, 8, as well as the giving here and there the original Aramæan expressions, as "Korban," "Talitha Cumi," and the statement of the value in Roman currency of the smallest coin used in Palestine, xii. 42, show that the book was composed for foreigners not acquainted with Jewish affairs, and probably for Italians. Perhaps a slight intimation of want of acquaintance with the country of Palestine on the part of the writer himself is found in his variation of the parable of the mustard-seed, the common "Sinapis," which does indeed in that country "become a tree"; for we have among other testimonies that of a Rabbi Simon, who says that he used to climb into one, — "*Caulis sinapis in agro meo, in quam ego scandere solitus sum*"; but Mark seems to have thought it incredible, and therefore to have omitted the calling it a tree, and to have substituted "the shadow of it" for "its branches," as the place where "the fowls of the air may lodge." Mark iv. 32. More obvious instances might very probably be cited.

We have not dismissed these pages without looking through some recent essays on the last-named Gospel of a tenor adverse to our conclusions, especially a Review of Griesbach's dissertation in No. XXI. of the Prospective Review, according to which the Gospel is "a document carried on from day to day during our Lord's ministry"! and of course prior to Matthew and Luke; and an article by Hilgenfeld in Zeller's *Theologische Jahrbücher* for 1852, in which the writer attempts to maintain Mark's priority to Luke, especially against Baur's arguments. The above conclusion, however, remains firm. And the original strokes found in Mark, and the graphic touches with which the narrative is occasionally brightened, only show that, in preparing the book for an especial public, the author did not bind himself to his guides.

They all three, however, give substantially the same picture of Jesus, and communicate substantially the same religion and rule of life. They are all filled with the same peculiar spirit, and leave the same solemn impression on the reader, the same lingering hopes and sentiments, the same penitence and the same aspirations after their perusal. So that this diversity, which is critically demonstrated, does not prove a hindrance in the practical use of them. It is superficial and formal. The religion makes itself felt uniformly in spite of it. The difference is only in the caskets, or at most in the cutting of the brilliants. No diversity in the conception of the end of human life, as exhibited in that character they portray, is anywhere detected.

The result of the investigation is, that the synoptical Gospels rest not on individual, but on corporate authority. They are not the testimonies of single men; but they are the profession by the early Church of what it believed to be the facts of its origin.

So much might suffice, except that, inasmuch as we have ample evidence of the early existence of evangelical books which are now lost, it becomes desirable to determine, if possible, the relation which our books bear to such lost Gospels, as well as to the traditionary material of evangelical history out of which written Gospels arose. This is a more important subject of investigation, from the fact that we cannot prove our books to have been

established as canonical in the Church, still less, that they were received to the exclusion of other authorities, written or oral, until a long period, say nearly a century, had elapsed after the decease of Christ. The period from the date of this event to the end of the first century of our era, was the period in which it is presumed that our Gospels were composed, acquired respect, and rose into general authority. But in doing so, they separated themselves from the loose material of tradition, and from the company of other documents which at one time rivalled them. This leads some to fear that, in what is preserved, we have only secondary authorities; that the Church may have erred in preferring the less authentic documents, and handed down to posterity the spurious offshoots of a stock which they left to perish. Into this subject also we must refrain from entering at length. We content ourselves with laying down certain positions, which we consider satisfactorily established, and which we are prepared to defend.

1. The received Gospels contain the primary testimonies of the Christian Church.

2. They were the first complete records of the Church. By which we mean, there were no other books existing before them to which the Church referred as containing an adequate account of the facts on which it was founded; and it did so refer to these.

3. While these books came thus to be regarded and approved as the authentic archives of the Church, other books fell into disuse, and were set aside and forgotten, which contained a varying account of the same history.

4. Of these, which are called the uncanonical Gospels, there is only one of which we have a distinct account; and the others appear to have closely resembled that one.

5. There is no proof, and there are no considerations which make probable, but rather the contrary, that that book, or any other of which notice has reached us, was the original from which the books of the canon were derived. And from the examination of the books of the canon themselves, the confident conclusion is attained, that they are not corrupt forms of purer originals.

The existence of the books to which we refer has been disputed by some, under a strong bias from their own opinions, but wholly without reason. All the ancient

testimonies concur in showing that there was current in very early times a Gospel which has not been preserved. This is called "The Gospel according to the Hebrews," by which we are to understand that it was the Gospel current among the believers of Palestine.* This book was long retained in use by the Judaizing Christians, especially by the Nazarenes; and Jerome, in the fourth century, when it had become a matter of curiosity, found a copy of it at Beræa, transcribed it, and translated it both into Latin and into Greek. This was probably the identical book which was called also "The Gospel according to the Twelve Apostles." And from this title, and from the locality where it was found in use, it has been hastily concluded that it was the original Gospel, and contained the testimony of the followers of Christ in a more primitive form; a conclusion which the passages preserved from it in the citations of the early authors contribute as little to favor, as the decision of the Church, which consigned the book to oblivion, leaves it probable.

All the uncanonical literature appears to hover about this Gospel of the Hebrews. Indeed we never get out of the sphere of attraction of it, so long as we remain outside of the canon. The Scripture seems to have but this one solid satellite, for which Irenæus perhaps would find a reason in the earth's having but one moon. The "Gospel according to Peter" was hardly, if we may judge from the slight notices we have of it, more than the same compend under another title. Another name occurs, "The Gospel according to the Egyptians"; and the book current under that title had, we find, an encratite character, and it was used by Sabellius. We have no ground, however, for determining its character more nearly. Its title carries our thoughts to that story of the Indian mission of Pantænus, from which it seems to be a natural conclusion that a Gospel was in use in Egypt, however procured, which passed for the Hebrew Matthew; and since the Gospel of the Hebrews was also confounded with that, it is probable enough that the two titles describe the same work.

* From this title we can easily see how far "according to" in such a connection was from meaning *composed by*.

But that the Gospel of the Hebrews was not the Aramæan original of Matthew is sufficiently proved by Jerome's testimony. There is indeed considerable discrepancy in his statements. In one place he calls it a Matthew-Gospel, but perhaps only from a general resemblance, it may be without having then carefully examined it. In other places he speaks of it by the other name, which he declares usual, "*quod appellatur secundum Hebræos*," and once adds, that by many it is called the authentic Matthew, "*vocatur a plerisque Matthæi authenticum*." Afterward all these descriptions of the book occur in a single sentence: "*In Evangelio juxta Hebræos, quod Chaldaico quidem Syroque sermone, sed Hebraicis literis scriptum est, quo utuntur usque hodie Nazareni, secundum apostolos, sive, ut plerique autumant, juxta Matthæum, quod et in Cæsarensi habetur bibliotheca*" Amid these different opinions, this fact remains fixed, that Jerome thought it worth his while to translate it into Latin and Greek, which he would not have done had it been simply the received Gospel of Matthew. And the citations which are preserved from it in other writers, show it to have been different from our Matthew. Curiously enough, a critical examination of these citations proves that the Greek text which is cited was the original text; and the document translated by Jerome, if we may trust the critics' remarks upon certain verbal peculiarities, appears to have been an Aramæan translation from the Greek.

. All the authorities, then, conspire to show that there was a Gospel used by preference among the Christians of Palestine which is not extant, that there were uncanonical Gospels under other names which were extremely similar to it, and that they all resembled our Matthew so nearly that they were sometimes taken for it. All this, viewed in connection with the Papiian testimony, and with the composite and derivative character of the extant Gospel, favors, as we maintain, the supposition that all these books, our Matthew among them, were based on some common authority, rather than the supposition that all the others were derived from our Matthew. Matthew was not the only, and probably not the last, result of the sphering of the cloud of early testimony. But it was one of the results, became a fixed body, and

was perhaps central to the whole. Other parts of the nebula whirled off into uncanonical satellites, or congregated in Luke and Mark. Before the testimony became firm land in the canonical histories, there was something indeterminate and mobile in it. It was fluctuating, moving, — historical, however, and not mythical, — and when it precipitated itself, it had not the perfect purity and uniformity which it had in the clear skies of the first belief; it carried motes and dust and smoke with it, some fancies, some misinterpretations, some confusions, and possibly some myths, and thus produced that checkered evidence which we now have, which leaves room for uncertain hypotheses, and has occasioned large disputes, but the practical and total bearing of which no one but a theorist has ever doubted. We accept the fact, and leave the dogmatical assertors of orthodox doctrine to construct the scheme after which the great Providence ought, *a priori*, to be presumed to act. We pretend to no capacity for such speculation, but are content to take the fact as it is. We believe that all things form the parts of a right whole, and that this precise evidence in this precise form is that which is most consistent with the order of the world and with our own salvation.

Look at the matter a little in the large. A religion, to be preserved and transmitted in the world, must be either ecclesiastical, mysterial, or documentary; that is to say, it must be handed down by a hierarchy, by close fraternities, or by a written instrument.

The doctrine of a hierarchy we reject, because our Church was not so founded, and because a priesthood is not agreeable to its genius. Close fraternities, such as the Essenes, the monkish orders, the Moravian brethren, Shakers, we think cannot be the depositaries of the principles of a universal religion, and neither so was our religion founded. There remains only that our religion be documentary.

But a document will be different according as the religion itself to be transmitted by it is different. And the religion itself, we will say, may be dogmatic, ceremonial, preceptive, or ideal. If it be *dogmatic*, indeed, the document must be perfect, as the advocates of plenary inspiration maintain that the New Testament is. That is to

say, it must be accurate as to fact, precise in statement, and complete. This is perfectly obvious. If the religion, again, be *ceremonial*, the document will be a subordinate thing, and may be a mere archive of the church government, since the substance of the religion will be sustained by an order of men appointed to the ritual. Once more, if the religion be *preceptive*, consisting in rules prescribing certain modes of living, methodism, the document must be in all its practical parts precise and absolute, and the understanding of it will naturally become esoteric by the separation of its punctilious observers. A merely preceptive religion would have for its document a code. But if a religion be, as Christianity, in our judgment, is, *ideal*, that is, if it consist in certain ideas, which result in a certain spirit, the ideas being ideas of God, as all great ideas must be, and the spirit being a spirit of love and life at once, not a fixed rule, but a living principle, and if all that is preceptive, or dogmatic, or ceremonial in the religion be external, non-essential, subordinate, conditioned by the ideas, and only a necessary form of the spirit, then the document need neither be exact, nor consistent, nor complete, nor pure. There may be errors, there may be deficiencies, there may be foreign admixtures. Only two things are necessary, that it be intelligible, and that it express the ideas.

But ideas, which are correlatives of God in the conscious soul, cannot, like mere notions, be adequately or intelligibly expressed in propositions. Their natural vehicle is a life in conformity with them. For a man does not in his discourse convey what lies deepest in his soul; only by his living, on which his discourse is the commentary, does he succeed in bestowing on others the idea which is greatest to himself. Christianity, therefore, is communicated in a person. And the life of that person, since it is to be the organ of a religion, and not itself the idol, is exhibited to us surrounded with a glorious cloud. The document is of just such a nature as fits it to impart to us Christ's ideas of God, of duty, of life, and infect us with his vigorous spirit, but to repel logicians, and balk curious antiquaries, and frustrate dogmatists, and even discourage esoteric interpretations and mystical observances; and thus the very imperfections of the document, which would seem at first sight to detract

from the dignity and power of the religion, are the effectual means by which the purity of the religion is maintained.

G. F. S.

ART. II.—CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

ON the nineteenth day of January, 1778, three quarters of a century since, Captain Cook, with the ships *Discovery* and *Resolution*, came in sight of Niihau and Kauai, the most western islands of the Hawaiian group. The subsequent period, which has been so fruitful in events to the great nations of Europe and America, has witnessed in that little kingdom, so widely separated from the rest of the world, revolutions more surprising, and, to those who experienced them, more important. And now that the Pacific Ocean is becoming continually more and more the highway of commerce, questions with regard to the present condition and future fate of the Sandwich Islands assume an increasing interest in the view of civilized nations, and especially of our own.

We will not ask the attention of our readers to details of the early history of the group, — of the supposed visits of Europeans before the time of Cook, — of the hospitality shown toward that discoverer, the superstitious reverence he inspired, the errors which have been remarked upon in his course toward the natives, and the sad story of his death. Nor need we narrate at length,

* 1. *History of the Sandwich Islands.* By SHELDON DIBBLE. Lahaina-huna: Press of the Mission Seminary. 1843. 12mo. pp. 464.

2. *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.* By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. Boston. 1843. 8vo.

3. *Forty-third Annual Report of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.* Boston: T. R. Marvin. 1852. 8vo. pp. 220.

4. *The Sandwich Islands as they are, not as they should be.* By MRS. E. M. WILLS PARKER. San Francisco: Burgess, Gilbert, & Still. 1852. 12mo. pp. 18.

5. *The Pacific, a Weekly Journal, devoted to Religion, Education, and Useful Intelligence.* San Francisco. Numbers for March 26th and Oct. 29th, 1852.

6. *The National Era.* Washington. Number for August 5th, 1852.

7. *The Daily Evening Traveller.* Boston. Nov. 12th, 1852.

how, in subsequent years, the islanders became gradually acquainted, through the visits of various navigators, with some of the customs of civilized life; and how, at the same time, an able chief was extending his sway over the various islands of the group, and thus laying the foundation of a firm and peaceful government for his successor.

This great chief, Kamehameha I., died in 1819. The islands in the later years of his reign exhibited a singular union of civilized and barbarous customs. In 1810, the number of whites on Oahu alone amounted to sixty, some of them sober and industrious, but the greater part idle and dissipated. Houses had been built for the king in the European manner, though he still preferred the native hut. The whites in his employment lived after the ways of their own countries, but the chief, whose rude genius compelled their respect and used their knowledge for his own purposes, condescended not to the innovations of plate, knife, and fork. He has been called, in high-flown phrase, "the Napoleon of the Pacific." It would be more suitable to compare him to Peter the Great; and if the Russian governed the larger empire, the Hawaiian had more rule over his own spirit, and appears, notwithstanding his idolatry, to have been a better and a happier man.

Kamehameha had acquired no small amount of wealth, and possessed several armed vessels. He had two wives with the rank of queen, Kaahumanu and Keopuolani, both of whom survived him. The latter was the mother of his successor, and of the prince who now fills that precarious throne.

An attempt was made by some American visitor, about 1803, to convert Kamehameha to the Christian faith. After listening to the arguments, he replied, "By faith in your God, you say any thing can be accomplished, and the Christian will be preserved from all harm. If so, cast yourself down from yonder precipice, and if you are preserved, I will believe."

The intelligent mind of this chief, however, could not but be struck with the fact of the renunciation of idolatry by the Tahiti or Society Islands; and the now numerous visits made to Hawaii by the shipping of civilized nations impressed the people with respect for Christians, and an increasing disregard, which yet none dared to ex-

press, for their own absurd and oppressive system of idolatry. By Kamehameha, in his later years, superstition was cherished probably as a mere engine of state.

The king died on the 8th of May, 1819. During his last illness, his priest suggested to him that human sacrifices should be offered, in order to obtain from the gods his restoration. This suggestion becoming known, it occasioned a very sudden scattering of the natives, who had come, like the beasts in the old fable, to inquire after the state of the sick lion, and who feared that, like those beasts, they might rue his remaining strength. Kamehameha, however, declined the pious proposal. He said, "The men are sacred for the king," meaning, for the service of his successor.

"A certain religiously disposed individual, who had a bird-god, suggested to the king that through his influence his sickness might be removed"; and his Majesty consented to try the experiment. He was brought into the presence of the feathered divinity, but to no purpose. Thence he was carried, in a nearly dying state, first to one straw-built hut, and then to another. At last a chief thus addressed him: "Here we all are, your younger brethren, your son Liholiho, and your foreigner; impart to us your dying charge, that Liholiho and Kaahumanu may hear." The dying man heard but indistinctly, and the question was repeated. He replied, "Move on in my good way, and —"; here his voice failed him. The foreigner, Young, embraced and kissed him; one of the chiefs also embraced him. He soon after died.

In grotesque contrast to this affecting scene was the suggestion made by a chief, respecting the disposal of the body. A consultation being held, one spoke thus: "This is my thought; we will eat him raw." But this mode of performing royal obsequies was not in accordance with the general feeling, and the proposal was overruled by the queen, Kaahumanu.

The death of the old king was quickly followed by the downfall of idolatry. The national superstition had in it one element which wrought the ruin of the whole. This was the *tabu*, or prohibitive system, surpassing in strictness and in absurdity even that mythical code, the Connecticut Blue Laws. The term *tabu* (or *kapu*, according to the present Hawaiian orthography) has the

meaning of *sacred*, not as implying any moral quality, but as set apart from common uses for some special reason. To declare any thing *tabu*, was to forbid access to it, under penalty both of temporal punishment and divine vengeance. Not only were particular articles of property liable to be tabued, but custom or the will of a chief imposed, under this name, seasons of universal gloom throughout whole districts. "During a season of strict tabu," we are told, "not a fire or light was to be seen, or a canoe launched; none bathed; the mouths of dogs were tied up, and fowls put under calabashes or enveloped in cloth; for no noise of man or animal must be heard. No persons, excepting those who officiated at the temples, were allowed to leave the shelter of their roofs. Were but one of these rules broken, the tabu would fail and the gods be displeased."

This system had become more galling in its ridiculous tyranny with the increasing intelligence of the people. The death of Kamehameha presenting an occasion for national mourning, custom required the imposition of a strict tabu. But the strong hand which had upheld that custom was now cold. On the very day of the king's death, a woman broke the tabu by eating a cocoa-nut, and some families displayed their contempt for the superstition by the males and females eating together. The people saw that no divine vengeance followed these daring acts. The two widows of the royal polygamist desired the abolition of the tabu system. But the young king, Liholiho, hesitated. Then it was that his mother, Keopuolani, took a decided part. She sent a messenger to summon her younger son, the present king, then but a child, to come and eat with her and break the tabu. The king, hearing the message, went to witness the act, and see if any harm should follow. None followed, of course; and soon after, Liholiho himself, at a public banquet, made for the purpose, set the example of renouncing this absurd bondage, a renunciation which implied the abandonment of idolatry, and which was immediately followed by the desecration of the heiaus or temples. The change was acceptable to the majority of the people. It was not made, however, without resistance. An insurrection took place, but victory rested with the partisans of Liholiho.

The islanders were now without a religion; and had they thus remained, a state of things would probably have arisen, to which even the former superstition, as moderated by the wisdom of Kamehameha, had been preferable;—Liholiho was abandoned to almost constant intoxication; his step-mother and general controller, Kaahumanu, also addicted to intemperance, haughty and cruel; and the people just released from the restraints of a venerated, wise, and firm sovereign, and of the only religion that they knew. But relief was at hand. Before the king and chiefs had dispersed after the battle which sealed the fate of idolatry, the vessel which bore the first missionaries from America entered the harbor of Kailua, near the field of the engagement.

It is often interesting to observe how transactions which have no connection with each other in any human purpose,—transactions going on in regions far remote,—still tend toward the same result, and a result which neither could accomplish without the other. Different and distant causes are preparing the hour and the man; but when the hour has struck, the man appears. The spring that reflects the setting sun on the side of the Alleghany, is destined to mingle its waters with those that gush from the far distant mountains of the West; thus events more widely separated blend in the mysterious plans of Providence.

It was natural that vessels from civilized nations, touching at the Sandwich Islands, should occasionally receive some of the more intelligent and enterprising of the native youth as sailors. It was not wonderful that a Sandwich Island boy, far from his home, should be seen weeping. But shall we say it *chanced* that Obookiah, the Sandwich Island sailor-boy, sat in his loneliness weeping on the steps of Yale College, the very place in all America, if not in all the world, where existed in happiest combination the power, the will, the mind, the heart, to aid, not him alone, but the benighted thousands of his countrymen? Obookiah, thus engaged with his own sad thoughts, was seen by Mr. E. W. Dwight, and was received by him as a pupil. Soon after, he attracted the notice of one whose name is inseparable from the history of American philanthropy, Samuel J. Mills,—the man who a few years after found his grave in that

ocean, whose waves, like his own benevolence, touched alike the continent of Africa and the islands of the Pacific.

Mills conceived at once the idea of a mission to the Sandwich Islands. Other Hawaiian youths were found, and, together with Obookiah, were educated with a view to their acting as interpreters or assistants in the mission. Obookiah died before his preparation was completed, and the characters of the rest disappointed, in a great degree, the expectations formed of them. But the first impulse had been given, and some facility for intercourse with the natives attained.

The interview of Obookiah with Mr. Dwight occurred about 1809. It was not till 1820 that the first corps of missionaries, accompanied by four partially educated natives, landed at Kailua, on the western side of the island of Hawaii. With astonishment and gratitude, scarce less than if a visible miracle had been wrought to encourage and to aid them, they received the news from those whom they first encountered. "Liholiho is king; the islands are at peace; the tabu system is no more; the idols are destroyed, and the temples are demolished."

The introduction of the missionaries to the chiefs was singular. One of the natives they had brought with them ran before, and inquired if the house where the king and chiefs were assembled was *tabu* or prohibited. Being answered that it was not, he entered with the missionaries, and addressed the chiefs thus: "These persons are the priests of the Most High God, the maker of heaven and of earth." The people, astonished at his boldness, exclaimed, "Maoi!" (Impudence!) and by that name he was known ever after.

It was not without some hesitation that the chiefs consented to the reception of the missionaries. They deliberated several days upon the subject. Most of the foreigners who resided with them gave, from selfish motives, the advice to send back the Christian teachers. A doubt also arose, from the promise of Vancouver, twenty-six years before, that he would endeavor to send them an instructor from England. But the venerable John Young, who, at first a captive sailor among them, had risen to influence from his faithful services, and who had

been commended to their regard by Vancouver himself, set aside this objection. "Missionaries from America," he said, "are the same as missionaries from England; they worship the same God, and teach the same religion."

In reading the accounts, of which we have here presented a brief summary, we have been struck with the resemblance of the incidents related to the well-known circumstances attending the conversion of our Saxon ancestors. The lonely Obookiah, weeping in a foreign land, was an instrument of the same Providence, that, twelve hundred years before, had caused the heart of good Pope Gregory to warm towards the youthful Angli in the Roman slave-market. In England in 596, as in Hawaii in 1820, the old superstition was outgrown; and the new religion, ere it was formally presented, had become the object of distant reverence, as the faith of more civilized and more powerful states. In England, as in Hawaii, the priests themselves led the way in the desecration of their idol altars, that a purer worship might be established.

Through toil and difficulty, the heralds of the cross in the Pacific islands won, by degrees, their way. Often were they checked by unexpected obstacles, often cheered by wonderful success. Then, again, they had to find at times that success delusive, and that it was quite a different thing for a heathen to declare himself converted, from what it was to understand the precepts, enter into the spirit, and conform his life to the requirements of the Divine law.

The king, Liholiho, or Kamehameha II., did not long live to witness the improvement of his people. In that improvement he shared to some degree; but the vice of intemperance had already undermined his constitution, and prepared for him an early death. He paid external respect to the missionaries, and received without resentment their remonstrances against his vices. Once, after a conversation on this subject, he made the promise, "Five years more, and then I will become a good man." In a much shorter space, his opportunities in life were over. The sentence is still repeated among his people, as a warning of the danger of delay.

Liholiho at length formed the design of visiting Eng-

land. Curiosity with regard to the great world of civilization, so new even by report to the inhabitants of those islands in the centre of the Pacific, prompted him to undertake that distant voyage with a considerable train. His favorite wife, as she left the shore, broke forth into a touching and poetical farewell. "O heavens, earth, mountains, ocean, guardians, subjects! love to you all. O land for which my father bled! receive the assurance of my earnest love." The last words of Liholiho to his people were injunctions to be attentive to the instructions of the missionaries. The wailings of the people followed his departure; but a deeper wailing awaited his return.

That return was as a lifeless corpse. He had been but a few weeks in England, where he was received with kindness and distinction, when himself and his queen were attacked with sickness, to which they both fell victims. Their remains were restored to their native land by the British frigate *Blonde*, under the command of Lord Byron, cousin of the illustrious and unhappy poet, and his successor in the title. Lord Byron's wise and friendly counsels confirmed the islanders in the course of improvement they had commenced, and the sovereignty devolved peacefully upon the brother of Liholiho, who still holds it, under the title of Kamehameha III.

The departure of Liholiho for England had been rather favorable than otherwise to the efforts of the missionaries. The authority of the king, expressed in his parting words, was with them; and it was no longer neutralized by the weakness of his personal character. On the contrary, the strong-minded Kaahumanu, his father's widow, who had shared the government with her husband and her step-son, was now left to administer it alone; and she threw all her influence into the scale of Christianity. It was beautiful, we are told, the change wrought by the Gospel in a character thus far darkened by many evil passions. Hitherto haughty and imperious, she now united gentleness with the resolution that was necessary to control her still half-savage subjects. Her example and her authority were employed to establish Christianity as the acknowledged religion of the people; and they aided in the less easy task of acquiring for it an influence over their hearts and lives.

We may not linger on the successive steps of advancing civilization; and of the occurrences which were unfavorable to it we shall notice two alone, the conduct of the French commander Laplace, with the causes which led to it, and the temporary occupation of the islands by Lord George Paulet, in the name of the Queen of England.

Some French Catholic missionaries arrived at the islands. The questions are of comparatively little importance, by whom they were introduced, and whether their own conduct in declaring their character and purposes was altogether fair and open. They were there, and they began to instruct the natives in the doctrines of their Church. To this the government of the islands placed itself in decided opposition. Some of those who resorted to the priests for instruction were punished; and the priests themselves, after being several times warned to leave the country, were finally ordered on board a vessel, engaged by the government for that purpose, and were conveyed to the Mexican settlements in California. From that country they returned, and, having landed at the islands, were compelled to reëmbark; but an arrangement was finally made for their permission to remain temporarily, through the interference of English and French commanders. The persecution of native converts to Romanism, which consisted in confinement by binding, and in hard and degrading labor, was at length terminated, upon the strong remonstrances of the American missionaries, who had previously, in particular instances, interceded with success. The American missionaries did not, however, interfere to prevent the sending away of the Catholic priests. On the contrary, some of them, when consulted, expressed the opinion, that the government had a right to send them away, as persons dangerous to the best interests of the nation.

The expression of this opinion, and the absence of that energetic appeal on the part of the missionaries which ought at once to have put a stop to these despotic proceedings, may be palliated by various considerations drawn from the condition of the islands,—the necessity of union among the people, and the fact that the Catholic priests found a protector at first in a chief who was disaffected to the regular government and disorderly in his

conduct. It is, besides, literally true, that all civilized nations claim and exercise the right of keeping from their shores persons whose presence with them would be dangerous to the public good, and that of this danger each government is judge for itself. The native rulers needed no special prompting to induce them to the course they pursued. Kaahumanu, under whom the persecution began, answered a missionary who remonstrated with her in a way which showed her little disposed to yield any right of sovereignty; and, when questioned as to the law under which she acted, referred to that which prohibited the worship of idols. To her mind, the Catholic use of images recalled the memory of the old idolatry, while the fasts of that Church might remind her of the native *tabu* system. And yet, with all these extenuations admitted to their full weight, with all honor to the missionaries for the wisdom, the integrity, and the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which they so often exhibited, and for the inestimable blessings they conferred upon the islanders, we cannot question that they ought, from the very first, to have used with energy the overwhelming influence they could have exerted, to prevent the infant Christianity of the nation from being marked with the stain of intolerance.

About a month after the punishment of native Romanists had been discontinued by the government, the French frigate *L'Artemise*, commanded by Captain Laplace, arrived at Honolulu, and compelled, under threats of instant hostilities, the concession of the same privileges to Roman Catholics which were enjoyed by Protestants. Captain Laplace exacted also the formation of a treaty admitting French wines and brandies at a low rate of duty, and required the sum of twenty thousand dollars, as security for the performance of the stipulations. The French commander characterized the missionaries as the authors of those persecutions and insults to France of which he complained; and threatened, in case he should resort to hostilities, to make no distinction between the native population and their American instructors. This inhuman threat, — the extortion of a large sum of money from a feeble state which was struggling forward into civilization, — and, above all, the compulsory introduction of that fatal destroyer, ardent spirit, — subject to grave censure the conduct of the French officer.

These transactions took place in 1839. Four years after, a difference arising between the government and the British Consul led to measures which threatened, and for a time actually subverted, the native government. Lord George Paulet, captain of her Britannic Majesty's ship *Carysfort*, made such demands upon the government as the king felt himself unable to comply with. He adopted, therefore, the course of throwing himself upon the honor and compassion of the power which it was in vain to resist, and made, under solemn protest, a provisional surrender of his kingdom to the crown of Great Britain. The cession was accepted by Lord George Paulet, and the government, except as regarded the native population, was intrusted to a commission, in which Kamehameha was allowed to be represented.

The English government continued five months and six days. During this period the absence of that strict restraint in which the native chiefs, under the guidance of the missionaries, had held their subjects, threatened to destroy the best fruits of their yet recent civilization, and to pour upon the land a flood of debauchery and licentiousness, transferring the unhappy natives from a state of hopeful progress to a feeble and brutalized existence, like that in which the remnants of our own aborigines still linger in the land they once possessed. But the justice and magnanimity of England had not been appealed to in vain. On the 26th of July, 1843, Rear-Admiral Thomas, of the British service, arrived at Honolulu. Little delay was made by this officer in reversing much of what had been done by Lord George Paulet, whose authority was now superseded by the superior naval rank of the Admiral, and on the 31st of the same month, the independent dominion of the islands was solemnly surrendered back to Kamehameha III.

That dominion has now been guaranteed by its formal acknowledgment on the part of England, France, and the United States. Meantime those events have occurred, which have so wonderfully changed already, and are destined still further to change, the aspect of the Pacific Ocean and its shores,—the acquisition of California by the United States, and the discovery of its mineral treasures and those of Australia.

In forming a judgment of the actual condition of the

islands, the rank in civilization which the people have attained, how far this attainment encourages hope for the future, and especially how far the efforts of Christian missionaries there have been really and permanently advantageous, we find it necessary to guard against extreme expectations and narrow views. We meet with accounts from different sources, which are utterly irreconcilable with each other. By the statement of the missionaries, as published in the authenticated documents of the "American Board," we are informed of more than twenty thousand church-members now living in regular standing, being one fourth part of the whole population; of twenty-two stations or churches, one having upwards of five thousand members, one having two thousand, and six upwards of one thousand each; of these churches, not only in a great degree supporting the institutions of religion among themselves, but contributing largely towards a new mission to lands yet in heathenism. An expedition of this character to Micronesia, or the Caroline, Kingsmill, and other islands, sailed from Honolulu the last summer, for which the First Church in that city alone raised nearly two thousand dollars. We hear of schools "in every nook and corner of the islands," to the number of four hundred and thirty Protestant, and a hundred and five Catholic, — of pupils numbering more than fifteen thousand; these schools sustained at a cost of twenty-six thousand dollars a year, three fourths of which are defrayed by the native government. We hear of a school of a higher order for the children of the chiefs, numbering sixty pupils; and of a seminary for more advanced education, and especially for the preparation of ministers, giving its advantages to seventy native young men. We hear of a regularly organized government, with the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons, as in the English constitution; — of laws in process of reduction to a code, and measures adopted to establish land-titles in proper form; — of roads constructed, bridges built; — the custom-house, court and market houses of Honolulu, described as ornamental to the city; — and of a supply of water brought from a distance in iron pipes to that capital.

From this bright picture we turn to another, drawn by less friendly hands. This representation is of a people,

the slaves of superstition, through which they are held in subjection by the missionaries, without experiencing the power of religion to emancipate them from the most degrading vices; — of a half-naked population, eating fish, not only uncooked, but actually alive; — that the money paid into the coffers of the missionaries is entirely from the females, the men being too indolent to earn any thing, and the women gaining money only as the price of shame; — that the king, abandoned to intemperance, is under the control of an ambitious and hypocritical American, — a restraint he loathes, but cannot throw aside; — that the nation is dwindling away before the ravages of vice, and that nothing can save the islands from desolation, and cause civilization and happiness to bloom through their lovely valleys, but — we pause before naming the panacea. It is one which has been tried in our own country. Its efficacy can be seen on the Kentucky side of the fair river which divides that State from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. It may be seen in the exhausted lands and decaying mansions of Eastern Virginia, and in that more southern commonwealth, which loves so dearly, and defends so gallantly, the evil that is preying upon its strength. Yes, slavery, we are told, slavery as the consequence of annexation to the United States, is to rescue the Sandwich Islands from the conjoined calamities of depraved manners, diminishing population, and missionary misrule. Such is the doctrine of the pamphlet referred to at the commencement of this article. It was published at San Francisco during the last year, by a lady who spent a month at the islands, whither she had gone with a company strongly suspected of designs against their independence.

Statements from such a source, and leading to such a conclusion, must be received by all candid minds with a large allowance, — partly for the bias of the writer's mind, and partly for her limited opportunities of investigation. There are also misstatements and self-contradictions in the account, obvious enough to prevent it from being received, in regard to any important fact, as reliable authority. Yet from the midst of its extravagance something may be gained, needful to qualify those sanguine fancies of a Christian Eden in the isles of the Pacific, to which, without any intention to deceive on the part of the mis-

sionaries, we might be led by reading only their accounts of the truly wonderful success with which they have been favored. Much has been granted them to do; but had they been Apostles, they could not have raised a degraded heathen people to full Christian civilization in thirty years. They make no such claim. They speak often of the difficulties that still beset their path. They tell us that the natives find it far easier to learn an outward ritual than an inward spirit; and they point us especially to one prolific source of crime,—the continual presence of a foreign population, many of them of the most reckless class, from every maritime country, looking upon the native government with contempt, and ready to use every advantage which their superior intelligence bestows, for the gratification of their own passions by the corruption and ruin of the unfortunate islanders. Still, with all these disadvantages, much has been attained; enough to mark the pages which record the rescue of the Sandwich Islands as among the brightest in the history of modern missions.

We have heard the doubt suggested, whether, if the missionaries were now withdrawn, the population of the islands would not revert to barbarism; and we are told that intelligent men, well acquainted with the facts of the case, differ in the answer which they give to this question. In our view, the inquiry is as superfluous, as it would be to speculate on the condition to which our settlers in California would come, if all communication between them and the rest of the world were henceforth to cease. The missionaries will not be withdrawn. The wise policy of the "American Board" is to encourage their settlement as pastors, as fast as the churches to which they minister assume a self-supporting character. From this policy has arisen, indeed, one of the reproaches against the missionaries,—the charge of speculating in land; as those who contemplated settlement as pastors have, in some instances, purchased farms, by the cultivation of which they might assist their scanty salaries. While thus the American teachers are exchanging their temporary position for a more permanent one, native young men are receiving, in the seminary of Lahaina, a theological education which will enable them eventually to take the place of their present instructors. Under such

circumstances, and if the present government of the islands should continue, we cannot doubt of the advance of Christianity among the people, without regarding the Hawaiians as an exception to the general truth, that the Gospel is adapted to human nature; an exception certainly little warranted by the remarkable success with which its preaching has thus far been attended among them.

But if the government of the islands should be transferred either to the United States or to any other power, a new element of evil augury would enter into the question. The Hawaiians would sink at once to the position of an inferior race. Receiving a rapid increase of population by immigrants of adventurous character, and intellect sharpened by the love of gain, the natives would see their possessions passing into the hands of strangers; the salutary laws of their own adoption, which guard them in some imperfect degree from the contaminations of intemperance and profligacy, would be set aside; the very advances they have made in civilization would be turned against them, their royalty become a laughing-stock, and their nobility be degraded to servile labor. It is a mournful consolation in such a prospect, that the spectacle of their depression would not long be witnessed. The tendency of the native race to extinction, which has of late been somewhat arrested, would return with increased rapidity beneath the influences of political depression, poverty, and vice, and speedily remove the unfortunate "Kanakas" from the face of the earth.

But whether in the hands of their present occupants or in others, the Sandwich Islands are destined to a part of no small importance in the age of general civilization and universal intercourse which is dawning upon the world. The Pacific Ocean is henceforth to be as familiar to the mariner's keel as is the Atlantic. The regions of the hardy whale-fishery in the north, — the newly discovered Australian treasures in the south, — California, Oregon, and the rising South American states upon the east, — China and Japan necessarily opening their jealously guarded ports to the west, — compose the circuit of that great amphitheatre in the centre of which a throne is preparing, on the islands of Hawaii, for the queen city of the world's mightiest ocean. In old time Venice, en-

riched by a share merely in the commerce of India, proudly cast the ring of wedlock into the green bosom of the Adriatic. What shall the nuptials be of that power that weds, in the harbor of Honolulu, the immeasurable Pacific?

We speak not thus to tempt cupidity or national pride. It may be that the growing population of the Islands, and the increasing difficulty attending the exercise of power by the chief of a race regarded as inferior, among thousands of foreigners, may render it necessary for one or more of the great nations of the world to assume the guardianship of Hawaii. But in view of the fears we have suggested for the native population, we are disposed to exclaim, Far hence be that evil day! If such foreign control must take place, may it be a guardianship that shall sustain, instead of removing, the native throne of the islands. With little satisfaction could we as Americans anticipate the loss of Hawaiian independence, when we remember the claim that England might well make to be the guardian, from the discovery by Cook, and the indefinite acknowledgment of subjection made to Vancouver by Kamehameha I. And far be it from our country, whence first the disinterested band of Christian missionaries went forth to raise the savage Hawaiians to the dignity of civilized men, — far be it from us to imitate towards these, the objects of our noblest bounty, the rapacity of a Laplace and a Paulet. Our national influence in the Sandwich Islands has thus far been the influence of justice and benevolence. Ever may it so continue; and if the day shall come, when, not through our ambitious seeking, but by the irresistible course of events in the world's progress, the native rulers of the islands shall themselves invoke the protection of our starry banner, may it wave over them, not in oppression, but in magnanimous friendship, securing the rights of all, — the king to his throne, and the people to their lands, — cherishing, and if possible raising to future greatness, the race that may be regarded intellectually and religiously as our adopted children.

S. G. B.

ART. III.—MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY L. WARE.*

How seldom do we meet with a character that satisfies our idea of what a Christian may be and ought to be! We do not say a perfect character,—for it is in vain to look for perfection among mortals. We speak of a degree of excellence not only conceivable, but attainable, and even obligatory upon the disciples of Jesus.

It is not difficult to find persons distinguished for one or more eminent virtues, but in conjunction with faults equally conspicuous. In one we are struck with an admirable truthfulness, but it is in combination with a deficiency of love; in another, with a delightful freshness and warmth of affection, but separated from firmness and force; in another, with a dutiful energy, untiring and unswerving, but coupled with a gloomy piety and a constrained benevolence.

In characters even of the higher class, we generally find something to be added, or qualified, or taken away,—some meaner ingredient present, or some valuable element wanting,—some defect in measure, or some in proportion, to detract from the entireness of our esteem, and affect us with a sense of disappointment. But if such be a common experience with regard to characters of decided worth, how much more usual is it to meet with individuals, even amongst those most favored by nature and education,—who have been trained under Christian influences, are called to high attainment, and obligated by their profession to a Christian self-culture,—whose level of virtue is so low as to stir no emotion of respect, whose character is so ordinary as to communicate no impulse to improvement, save that which arises from disgust at tameness so insipid and failure so disgraceful!

But now and then we have the high privilege of contemplating a character which we can entirely approve and thoroughly admire. Now and then we are blessed with the view of one who meets our conception of a Christian man or woman. Here and there rises above

* *Memoir of Mary L. Ware, Wife of Henry Ware, Jr.* By EDWARD B. HALL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 434.

the common level one who represents to the world what a human being *can* be and do, by a faithful exertion of natural gifts, a diligent use of the discipline of circumstances, and a faithful improvement of the grace of God. If it were not for such, we might despair of our race. If it were not for them, mankind would gradually lapse into moral decrepitude, not worth an effort to redeem, — irredeemable. If it were not for them, Christianity would seem to be a fiction, and humanity be proved a failure.

But from time to time such characters appear. They brighten the destiny of our race. Hope kindles, faith revives, love rejoices, at their rising. Earth for them looks trustfully to heaven, and heaven for them smiles encouragingly upon earth. They appear amongst ourselves, partakers of the same nature, partners in a common lot. Nothing extraordinary marks their advent. No discoverable peculiarity distinguishes their infancy. They grow up in the same homes, walk in the same paths, join in the same sports, and are nurtured by the same discipline with the rest of us. They are favored with no peculiar advantages. They are exempted from no ordinary difficulties or temptations. They are confined to no station and no class. Under what conditions to expect them we cannot foretell, and where they shall *not* be found we cannot predict. In original endowments, in circumstantial advantages, in helps human and divine, many seem to be their superiors, and many more their equals. But gradually, silently, and almost without observation, they mount above their companions. The sheaves of their brethren begin involuntarily to do obeisance to their sheaf. Virtue after virtue is developed and matured. The character grows continually in depth and elevation. The mind gathers wisdom. The heart is enriched with all pure and generous sympathies, all humane and devout affections. They become objects of esteem, reverence, love, — lights, models, prophets, to the larger or smaller circles in which they move.

In no miraculous way they attain this superiority. By no strange and mysterious path they go upward, but in a way open to all, — by steps which we all might have taken, and which we afterwards wonder that we did not take. What they do, others might do as well as

they. The instruments they use are within the grasp of every one. They obey laws which we also know and which we also might keep. They simply *perform* what most of us *purpose*. They pay those vows which many make. They learn the lessons which are set to all. By no shorter path, no royal road, they ascend the heavenly mount; but step by step, in patient progress, leave the world behind. So far as human sagacity can penetrate, so far as man's philosophy can discover, the whole interpretation of their superiority is comprehended in this single distinction, — they are simply true to duty, loyal to conscience, faithful to Christ, obedient to the will of God. Search history, search your own recollection, search your own experience, search your own heart, ask your reason, question conscience, inquire of the oracles of God, — one voice, one response, one testimony, comes to us from them all: "Because they hungered and thirsted after righteousness, therefore it filled and adorned them; because they were faithful over a few things, therefore they became rulers over many things, — by patient continuance in well-doing they obtained immortal glory and honor."

Such thoughts passed through the mind, as, laying down the book whose title introduces these remarks, we reviewed its simple and truthful delineation of the formation and growth and establishment and still unceasing advance of one of the most thoroughly estimable and admirable of human characters. We rejoice heartily that this instructive and affecting biography has been written. We can have no misgiving as to the healthiness and power of its influence. We are sure that it is destined to a wide and lasting ministry of good. No one can read it without being rebuked for his faults and weaknesses, and quickened in his endeavors after righteousness. Many will have occasion to bless it as an instrument of their moral advancement and their Christian edification.

And yet we are oppressed with a feeling of reluctance as we undertake to notice it. We shrink from its review, scarcely less than did the editor and the family from its publication. The veil which a pure and modest spirit loved to wear we hesitate to lift, even in the hope of aiding and inspiring others by the disclosure of its rare virtues. It is not because we are selfish, and would

keep all to ourselves the precious image of the holy and beautiful life we have intimately known and loved ; but because we are profoundly impressed with the sacredness of its inner history, — we dread to seem to violate in the least degree the confidence our departed friends have reposed in us in admitting us into the sacred privacy of their hearts, — we cannot be entirely sure that the earnest aversion they would have felt in their lifetime to the exposure of their private feelings, founded as it was in delicacy, humility, and wisdom, has been wholly removed by death, or that, if they could speak from the world of spirits, they would take off the solemn injunction which, while in the body, they would certainly have laid upon us. Or if all these objections can be removed, there still lies another behind them, in the fear that the portrait we may draw shall not do justice to the original, — that the work of our own which must be put into the picture may in some way mar the harmony, or distort the proportions, or hide the delicate beauties and dilute or disturb the fine spiritual essence, of the character we attempt to portray, and so interfere with its true impression and best influence. But in the present instance, if ever, the sure prospect of great and permanent benefit to the world clearly justified the setting aside of all such feelings, and seemed to demand that the pure, meek, and elevated character of a Christian woman should be lifted out of its retired domestic sphere, and withdrawn from the trust of loving hearts and the confidential records preserved in friendly hands, and “transferred to the printed page and an enduring form.”

Her life, so dear and valuable to her friends, is now the property of the world. But it will lose nothing of the sacredness with which it has heretofore been regarded. It will but multiply the number of those who love and admire it. It will but extend the circle of hearts in which it is a revered and cherished image. She has parted with nothing of her modesty or her humility ; for she wore them to the last. She lived and died clothed with them round about. She had never a suspicion that others would display to the public eye the virtues which she had cultivated for their own sake, and to please Him that seeth in secret. Though her confidential letters are published, they will be read by all with the same feelings

of delicacy and respect with which they have been treated by the chosen few. To be allowed insight into the depths of a heart so pure, will be esteemed an especial and personal favor; while the inspection of its disinterested motives and holy aspirations and purposes will produce in the breast of every reader that feeling, approaching to reverence, without which no one will consider that he has a right to enjoy so precious a privilege.

It is a singular feature of this Memoir, that it is almost entirely an autobiography, and yet unconsciously written. It is in reality one of the most complete, connected, and satisfactory personal narratives, especially of the interior life, that can be found in the whole circle of biographical literature; and yet it was produced, not only altogether without the slightest design of preparing such a memorial of herself, but totally without any view either to connection or completeness. This peculiarity, while it is an indubitable assurance both of the truthfulness of the story and the perfect modesty of the original, adds immeasurably to its interest and value. Who does not feel how much more affecting and impressive it is, composed of familiar letters, written at different periods, in the unrestraint of personal friendship and with perfect naturalness, than if it had been made up of the impressions and recollections of friends, — friends who, if they had indulged in warm panegyric, might have been suspected of partiality, or who, in the fear of over-coloring, or of being charged with so doing, might have laid upon themselves an oppressive restraint, and fallen short of a just approbation.

We consider it a most fortunate circumstance, on every account, that Mrs. Ware's correspondence was so voluminous, and that her letters were so justly appreciated by those to whom they were addressed as to have been, with few exceptions, carefully preserved. Had such not been the case, we are persuaded her life would never have been written, — that, however desirable it might have appeared that the biography of such an excellent woman should be given to the world, no one would have had the boldness to undertake it; or had the task been attempted and completed, the result would have been far less satisfactory than the precious volume for which she has herself furnished nearly all the mate-

rials. As it is, the duty of the friend selected by the family to prepare the Memoir was the more agreeable, but still somewhat delicate one, of making copious extracts from the letters put into his hands, and so connecting and arranging them, together with a few facts and comments supplied by his own knowledge and impressions, "as to give a fair view of the whole life, or rather of the mind and character that appear in every part of the life."

That such a work could not be performed without considerable labor and discrimination any one can see at a glance. But the labor of *selection* must have been greatly diminished by the character of the letters themselves, and the labor of *arrangement* by the succession of dates. In ordinary cases, where there has been a voluminous correspondence, and that too of a familiar character, the task of expurgation is the most arduous part of an editor's duty. But of Mrs. Ware's letters and notes her biographer says, — and what higher tribute could be given to her sweetness of disposition, dignity, and prudence? —

"In the several hundred that we have examined, there is nothing that might not appear, so far as any one else is concerned. In such a mass of free epistolary writing, from different countries and to persons of every age, not a single severe stricture, not one unkind allusion or offensive personality, much less any approach to petty gossip, can be found." — p. 4.

If there be any fault noticeable in the book, so far as its preparation is concerned, — for no fault *can* be found with the material, — no one would wish to alter a single sentence from the pen of Mrs. Ware herself, — it is certainly not on the side on which biographers are usually supposed to err. There is no excess of commendation. There are no enthusiastic expressions of admiration, except where the language of other friends is introduced. And we are constrained to say, that we are always refreshed when they are allowed to give utterance to their earnest and sincere affection; for we know that Mrs. Ware deserved, and had from many hearts, the warmest and most grateful love, and their glowing words of endearment and admiration are the natural and most emphatic evidence of the power and loveliness of her spirit. They prove and paint the qualities to which they respond

far better than the most careful and exact description. Thus the very heart of the biography — the truest and most living feeling which Mrs. Ware awakened in those who knew her most intimately and spoke of her with entire unrestraint — beats in such words as these: —

“I have a letter this morning from our *blessed* Mary. I constantly and ardently pray that God would spare and reward our and *His own* Mary to guide more of us to Him. I have had various accounts from our incomparable Mary. I feel much anxiety on her account, for which I have been frequently reproved by her, whose higher feelings and better regulated judgment give her such wonderful advantage over me, and so constantly produce in her the tranquil security of inward peace. She is so excellent, and so truly set in the midst of difficulties, that it sometimes appears to me as if she had been graciously lent to us for our guide to that heaven which we *all* pretend to seek. I feel confident she is the peculiar care of the God she loves and serves; but when she gets to Penrith I shall be almost too happy. Her mind has taken such complete possession of my affections, that I appear to myself a new creature; I have totally changed since I became actually acquainted with her. I may at some future period give you a faint idea of the interest she has excited for every thing that lives and breathes her atmosphere.” — *Letters of Mrs. McAdam.*

“Dear, dear Mary! if I could, I would express all I owe to you. You have been an unspeakable, an indescribable blessing. God reward you a thousandfold!” — *Mr. Ware's Note.*

No biography of Mrs. Ware would be perfectly just and lifelike without some such expressions as these.

We would not have it inferred, that we suppose the author of the Memoir does not appreciate the superiority of the character he describes. It is evident that he had the highest respect for its virtues. But the terms in which he speaks of them are generally guarded. His colors are sometimes less warm, and his strokes less free and full, than the subject would admit of. Of course we understand and approve the reasons which influenced him in this particular. He dreaded the very appearance of eulogy with respect to one whose intrinsic merits were as far from requiring, as her truth and modesty would have been from tolerating it. He stood in awe of the pure and meek spirit of his friend, as if he were writing in her own presence. He hardly allowed himself to

speaking of her virtues in any stronger terms than would have endured her own inspection.

Such feelings and such a purpose are essentially right. But they may be carried too far. They may lead to over-scrupulousness and timidity. Justice does not require of a biographer that he should depict the exalted character of a friend so as to suit that friend's lowly self-estimate; but that he should give his own true impression with perfect sincerity and freedom. Especially does this rule hold good, when the larger part of a memoir is autobiographic. For as in this portion the character is likely to be underrated, through humility and the severity of a strict self-judgment, there is the better opening in the remainder for the natural glow of a just admiration, and there is the stronger reason for its unreserved manifestation.

Such sentences as the following may show that these remarks are not without foundation:—

“Of the accounts given us by others, beside what we saw and heard of her whole bearing and conversation that winter, *we can use little, lest it should seem like eulogy*,—which we desire to avoid. But should this prevent all freedom of expression? If we *may not speak from our own mind and heart*, may we not from the testimony of those who were near enough to understand the whole, yet with *no relation or interest to mislead them*.”—p. 418.

This is certainly carrying the dread of seeming to eulogize to an unnecessary extreme. Why cast aside nearly all records of the actual and lively impressions produced by Mrs. Ware's “whole bearing and conversation” during the most important period of her life,—not only those of the writer of the Memoir himself, but of other near and dear friends? The sacrifice was greater than the feeling to which it was made deserved, or had any right to demand. The loss every reader feels and regrets. The author himself asks, “Should this” feeling “prevent all freedom of expression?” But he immediately subjoins, as if it had laid him under a restraint, amounting almost to necessity,—“If we may not speak from our own mind and heart—” But why might he *not* have spoken from his own mind and heart? There was no good reason for distrusting the language of either. We cannot be so unjust to himself as to suppose that he had

cause to fear that "relation or interest" would blind his own judgment and lead him to excessive eulogy; neither can we admit that he had good reason for the implied suspicion of his readers, that they would have charged him with interested motives had he given free and simple utterance to what he knew and felt.

Again, we think that there is a degree of diffidence in speaking of the merits of Mrs. Ware's letters, that cannot be accounted for by any thing in the letters themselves. For instance, when about to introduce those written from England, the reader is "*begged to remember that they were all written in the haste of travelling, or the fatigues of watching, and that their literary merit or public appearance was the last thought to occur to the mind of the writer.*" One would be prepared by such deprecatory language for a more than ordinary demand upon his candor and forbearance. But as he reads on, so far from finding any thing to overlook and forgive, he is, unexpectedly, not only satisfied, but delighted. The language is simple and fitly chosen, the style is easy and natural, the thoughts are fresh and weighty, and the emotions sometimes warm and gentle, and sometimes elevated and sublime. Had we space, we would gladly justify our appreciation of these foreign letters by several extracts. But those who have perused them will not require to be reminded of the impressions which we feel confident they have already received. And yet we cannot deny ourselves the privilege of inserting a single one of the letters from Liverpool, not so much to sustain our opinion, as for the gratification of transcribing sentences so beautiful, and gracing our pages with sentiments which we so highly admire.

"London, May 6, 1824.

"MY DEAR ANN :—

"It was a great deprivation to me to be unable to write at sea. I hoped to have had a large packet for the many kind friends who aided and blessed my departure, expressing something of the gratitude which overpowered me. I have sometimes feared that you thought me insensible to it all, for I dared not try to utter even a word of what I felt lest I should lose my self-possession entirely, and trouble them more than my thanks would please them. God alone knows how fully I appreciated it all, and when I look back upon the period which elapsed after my father's death until I left you, I know not how to speak my astonishment that

such a one as myself should have been so signally favored. For your Aunt Nancy I can only say her reward must be beyond this world; nothing that I or any one here can do, is adequate to it. Never was a human being so blessed with kind friends, and could I feel that I had been as grateful as I ought to have been, I should be happy. But the entire absorption of every thought in self, during the past winter, is now a subject of much reproach.

"I had time to think of all this during the long days and wakeful nights on the voyage, and I do assure you I took a new view of every thing connected with it. Whether it was the absence of every thing else to interest my mind, or the natural increase of our attachment to all objects when we are going from them, I know not, but there were moments of acute agony, when I thought of the return I had made for the kindness manifested towards me. How often I longed to be for a little time on the little stool in the drawing-room, giving utterance to my spirit! There was so little in the monotony of sea-life to interrupt the train of one's thoughts, that I could not sometimes get rid of an idea which possessed me, and I often woke up, wearied with the continuation of one and the same dream, night after night. But I did enjoy a great deal at sea, there was so much to elevate the mind in the very situation; and the want of confidence which I felt from the first evening in the head of the concern tended most powerfully to raise my thoughts above all second causes, to the One Great Cause and Supporter of all things. Never did I so deeply feel our entire dependence upon the power of God, never did I so fully realize the impotence of human skill, as when I saw it contending with the winds; and yet there was something ennobling in the idea, that human skill had contrived and taught to guide such a vehicle as a ship upon the trackless waste of waters; and while we trace all this power to the original source of it, we cannot but feel that He has given to us a noble nature. Often when the sea was rising in immense waves on every side, and the ship tossed about as though it were but a little shell which the waters would soon overwhelm, have I felt as I never before did the immense value of that religion which was able to calm all fears, and raise the mind to a state even of enjoyment, under such terrific circumstances. What but a firm confidence that, whether we live or die, or whatever event befall us, it is in Infinite Wisdom that it is so, can give this composure? Shall we not then hold fast and cherish such a faith? shall we not seek to understand its nature, and endeavor with our whole hearts to ingraft its principles upon our characters?

"Tell me as much about Mr. Channing and his sermons as you can. I went to chapel on Sunday with Mrs. Kinder, but heard very poor preaching, to very poor houses. But Mr. Chan-

ning told me just what to expect, therefore I was prepared for it. Poor as it was, however, the delight of finding myself once more in a place of public worship overbalanced all, and when I heard the same tunes sung to the same words which I had heard in Federal Street, it was a little more than I could bear firmly. I am charmed with the whole Kinder family; they are too literary to make me feel able to communicate the least pleasure, on account of my ignorance upon all literary subjects, but they are every thing that is kind, and very agreeable, and I find a good lesson for my humility when I am there." — pp. 100 – 102.

In others of the letters from abroad are lively and graphic descriptions of scenes and persons, — in all of them the very finest and noblest sentiments. They are the more delightful for their ease and simplicity, — especially since we discover no indications of negligence, and no want of perspicuity and correctness. Had they been written with a view to "literary merit or public appearance," they would have gained little in the true merits of style, and might have lost somewhat of their charming freshness and graceful freedom. We cannot help contrasting them with many epistles ostensibly directed to friends, but actually aimed at the public; whose *pretensions* to literary merit are obvious enough, and whose "appearance" was evidently the *first* thought to occur to the mind of the writer. How favorably they appear in such a comparison we need not say.

The especial value of Mrs. Ware's biography consists in this, that her life is not only so worthy as to command admiration and to excite the desire of excellence, but the means of its moral growth are so clearly defined, and the steps of its progress so distinctly marked, as to encourage in others endeavors after a like improvement, and to instruct them, plainly, as to the method. There was a remarkable definiteness as well as elevation in her aim of life, almost from the outset. She very early caught the true Christian idea of the purpose of this earthly existence. She heard the call of God in childhood, when it first came clearly to her thoughtful heart, and immediately arose and girded herself for the service of her heavenly Master. Her very first question was, What is the will of Him that sent me here, and what is the work He has given me to do? and as soon as it was distinctly answered, it was her fixed and single determination to do

His will and to finish this work. A friend who could trace her life back to the very earliest period, remarks: "When her character first shone upon me in its higher attributes, I do not know. But I seem to myself to remember, that there never was a time when I could have supposed it possible that she would do any thing that was not exactly right; when I had not perfect confidence in her tact and judgment to discern duty, and the prompt and unhesitating determination to do it, *as the only thing to be done.*" The testimony of the Misses Cushing, under whose instruction at Hingham she enjoyed the best advantages, not only of intellectual, but religious training, is to the same effect. It relates to a little more advanced stage of her development, when, however, she had not reached her sixteenth year:—

"She was remarkable, even then, for her disinterestedness and forgetfulness of self. With the love which we could not but feel for her was mingled a respect and admiration for her high principles, and the piety which shone through all her conduct, in a degree very uncommon for a girl of her age. Her chief object seemed to be to do good, and she considered nothing too difficult to undertake, if it could benefit another. This seemed to be a living principle with her." "She possessed such purity of heart and elevation of principle, as seemed to me then could only arise from a constant sense of the Divine presence, and an habitual communion with the Source of all good." — pp. 17, 25.

A letter written by herself, when only fifteen, to a friend near her own age, clearly shows that the judgment of those who knew her well, as to her feelings and purposes, was correct. "My little trials," she says, "have taught me to value the only true sources of enjoyment this life can afford,—the affection of the good, the cultivation of the better feelings of the soul in the service of the Creator, and the joyful hope of a better, purer state of existence." The sincerity of her religious feelings and the earnestness of her Christian purpose at this period of her life are proved, however, more forcibly than by words. We allude to the important act of confessing allegiance to Christ, and publicly taking upon herself the vows of a disciple by connecting herself with the Church. Though only in her sixteenth year when she decided to take this step, she had given to the subject long and careful consideration, and had so faithfully examined and prepared

herself, that, notwithstanding "a deep sense of unworthiness when she compared herself with what she saw she ought to be," from the moment she made the determination to join with the Church in commemorating the Saviour's death, "not a feeling arose," she said, "which I could wish to suppress; conscious of pure motives, all within was calm. I was never more happy in my life. It was a bright, clear night, and the moon which rose just as I went to bed, shining full upon me, seemed to reflect the tranquillity of my heart, and appeared to me an emblem of the mild light that was just dawning on my soul. I could not sleep, and actually laid awake all night out of pure happiness."

Thus early in life, and thus thoughtfully and devoutly, the foundation of her character was laid. The counsel which long afterwards she gave to her children, she drew from her own youthful experience, while her whole life testified of its virtue.

"Religious principle is the rock upon which alone you can build any superstructure: all other will be like the sand on the sea-shore,—the next tide of temptation will sweep it away. Cultivate in yourself a religious spirit; read God's word to learn what he would have you do; pray to him for power to do it,—and you *will* succeed. *Here lies the only sure foundation.* And do not think it will interfere with any of the pleasures of youth, or restrain the spirit of mirth which belongs to your age. So far from it, it will promote all enjoyment: for when we engage in that which we have decided by the standard of principle to be right, we go forth with a free spirit to enjoy the utmost,—without any of that under-current of misgiving which is a perpetual check upon us when we are engaged in a matter of doubtful expediency. Never fear for the result if you only do *right*." — p. 397.

In unfolding the principles of her husband's high moral attainment, Mrs. Ware has unconsciously given the true explanation of her own. "He was what he was, not by the bestowment of great natural powers, but by the *religious industry* with which he used his powers, the high standard of moral and religious character at which he aimed, the disinterested devotion with which he labored for others' good. *He cultivated his conscience, and by its light he cultivated his intellect.* This was the secret of his great success. He was willing to do any thing he

could; and he regulated that 'could' by the most unwearied industry. What cannot one do with such a lever?" What indeed? we respond, since by it those two kindred spirits have raised their characters so far above the common level of moral and Christian attainment,—to an elevation so nearly equal, that we have never been able to ascertain that one of them was above the other. And this is a lever within the reach of all. The peculiar value of the biographies both of the husband and the wife consists in the fact, that they not only attest its power, but plainly exemplify and encourage in others its faithful and habitual use.

The views of Mrs. Ware concerning the "sphere and duties of woman," cannot fail of having great weight and exerting a healthful influence. Her own character is one which all of her sex must approve and admire, for it is that of a true woman. She was full of spirit and energy; she was strong, courageous, and truly independent; but she was at the same time discreet, self-denying, gentle, and affectionate. Her feelings were ardent, but under due control. Her impulses were quick and warm, but regulated by principle. She had no lack of enthusiasm, but no deficiency of good sense. Her imagination was lively, but her judgment cool and steady. She had intellect enough to be brilliant, but she preferred to be useful. It was in her power to shine, but it was in her heart to bless. She could never fail to interest and enliven society, but she *would* never fail to order her household well and make her children happy.

It is truly refreshing, at a time when crude and vain notions regarding the position and duties of women — disapproved, no doubt, by all the best of the sex — are broached and circulated by the ambitious and discontented, to record such sentences as the following, from the pen of one, the wisdom of whose sayings is sealed with the beauty of her life.

"No woman can be a true woman, whatever may be her intellectual acquirements or capacity, without that womanly knowledge which will fit her for domestic life, and enable her to fill 'home,' that appointed sphere of most women's duties at some time or other, with all the comforts which alone can make it happy. I do not mean merely the knowledge of the daily routine of outside domestic employments; but the cultivation of

the domestic affections, the habits of concession and self-sacrifice, of delicate attention to the little things which go so far to make up the sum of domestic happiness, and the mechanical facility with respect to a thousand minor matters, — all of which nothing but practice in the atmosphere which calls them into exercise can possibly teach. I will not deny that I think a great deal, too, of education 'in common domestic employments,' as a means of happiness and usefulness. I hold that nothing can compensate for a wilful neglect of what may be made the means of so much comfort to others, as order, cleanliness, and a facility in administering to the human wants of our friends, which is peculiarly woman's province." — pp. 375, 376.

"Of all objects in life there is none more distasteful to me than a *merely* literary woman; no amount of learning is a fair balance, in my mind, for the feminine graces of a true woman's character. It is not merely that she looks better, clean and tidy, or that a careful use of the needle is a preventive of waste in the use of means, — although these are considerations worth weighing. But there are internal graces connected with these external habits; and there is no higher object for a woman's life than the cultivation of those powers which make the comfort of a well-ordered household." — p. 352.

The life of Mrs. Ware was one long and diversified labor of love, — sometimes employed in retired and gentle offices, sometimes in delicate and difficult plans of benevolence, sometimes in bearing heavy burdens, and more than once in enterprises truly heroic. Of the latter character, is her mission of mercy to Osmotherly, an obscure village in Yorkshire, England. The simple story of its affecting events, as told in her own letters, written on the spot, is one of thrilling and even romantic interest. It will give her a place in the history of benevolence by the side of the most disinterested and noble of her sex. It has already been "clothed with the drapery of fiction," but it is far more touching and beautiful as it stands in the volume before us, in the simple coloring of nature and truth.

In June, 1827, she became the wife of the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. No position could have been better suited to her capacity and taste, than that of the wife of a minister of a large parish; and no minister could have been more worthy of such love and such assistance as hers, than he who chose her, no less to be a co-helper in the service of the Gospel, than a friend and comforter to himself. For

a little while after their marriage, she was permitted to share with her husband the pleasant and sacred duties of a flourishing parish and the blessed peace of a pastor's fireside. Of that brief period, she always spoke as the most delightful portion of her life. The heart was satisfied with abundant demands upon its sympathy; her active mind found constant exercise, and her powers of usefulness were in ceaseless motion. She could bless as often as she would. To Mr. Ware she was invaluable as an assistant in his professional duties; entering with unfeigned interest and an exquisite tact into all his plans and labors for the good of the parish; often conversing with him on the subjects which occupied his mind and pen, with a discrimination equal to his own, with the vivacity of a warm heart, with a childlike piety and a profound faith. To the end of life she never lost in the slightest degree the keen interest which she then learned to feel in every thing pertaining to ministerial duty.

But this season of perfect sunshine was soon clouded by the serious sickness of her husband. The pleasant Sheafe Street home was broken up. The favored parish was forsaken. The beloved walks of pastoral usefulness were exchanged for other scenes of duty, less congenial, though not perhaps less important. Henceforth, till the death of Mr. Ware, with few and brief intervals, to all her other manifold cares were added constant anxiety on account of his feeble health, and the almost incessant labors of a nurse. How cheerfully she met these reverses, how sweetly and how vigorously she discharged these arduous duties, with what an unclouded serenity of countenance and what a triumphant elasticity of spirit she accompanied her husband in wearisome journeys, and cheered and helped him in weakness and pain, in labors and trials, who that has ever heard their names coupled together needs to be told?

The biography deepens in interest to the last. As life draws to a close, the character, whose steady growth we have traced from the beginning, goes on more and more rapidly to perfection. The course we have seen so faithfully pursued is gloriously finished. When the curtain falls, the spirit we have followed so earnestly through the "good fight" is meekly triumphing. "Henceforth" —

such is the feeling of every one as he closes the Memoir — she wears “a crown of light.” She has joined the bright constellation of kindred souls, now shining like stars in the kingdom of God, whose pure and benignant light was kindled at the altar of our own most holy religion, and shed a cheering and hallowing radiance upon our own household of faith. She has gone to her place in that circle of choice spirits of which she was an ornament on earth, and which she found waiting to welcome her to heaven. She has gone to renew her communion with those holy friends with whom she took sweet counsel in works of mercy and hours of worship, and walked in closest intimacy till they ascended to their rest. She has left to us another testimony to the power and beauty of those simple and sublime doctrines upon which her character was built, and by fidelity to which she sought to glorify the Father and the Son. Her memorial — so just, so beautiful, so impressive — shall go abroad on its silent mission of love, by the side of those which commemorate Channing, and Buckminster, and Abbot, and Ware, and Peabody, — the last thrice-favored, whose unfading scroll of purest fame bears also inscribed beneath his own the two sainted names dearest to his heart, — carrying to illiberal minds another sweet appeal on behalf of toleration and charity, and giving to the world another bright evidence that the branch whose fruits are so beneficent cannot but draw its life from the true Vine.

C. R.

ART. IV. — STANZAS.

TO ELSIE.

JUNE, 1852.

A MALADY too dread to name
In one I've held so dear!
The sharp thrills shooting through thy frame
Are deadly darts, we fear!
Yet do not think thy suffering state
Too different from our own;

The dark seeds of a certain fate
In all our flesh are sown.

Of any two, who dares to say
Which shall the first be gone?
If best, years distant, or to-day,
Who knows of any *one*?

Then cease to guess of times, dear friend,
Or how their lot may fall;
One gracious Hand ordains the end
So doubtful for us all.

Live in that dateless, deathless part,
Which keeps its health and youth; —
The Eternal in man's loving heart
And in God's holy Truth.

N. L. F.

TO ELSIE.

JANUARY, 1853.

DEAD, dead and gone! °
Thou too hast joined the train
Of those I ne'er shall see again; —
The world is growing lone.

They fall how fast!
Mates of my fresher prime,
Associates of my waning time,
The passing and the past.

O "tale that's told"!
How many feebly stay!
How many went but yesterday!
What griefs already old!

New sorrow now!
Fair friend through many a year
Of spirits light and feelings dear,
Thou must desert me, — thou!

And not one word
To mark the closing scene,
After such meetings as have been?
Speak, — or let me be heard.

Come back ! Once more
Thy slender hand be set
In mine. One prayer together yet
We 'll breathe, ere all is o'er.

Meek shade, forgive !
I would not have thee back,
Stretched out again on this world's rack :
Go forth, go forth, to live !

N. L. F.

ART. V.—DAVIDSON ON BIBLICAL CRITICISM.*

It is pleasing to observe the increased attention which is given in England to the subject of the textual criticism of the Scriptures ; or the science whose object is to discover as nearly as possible the original words of the Bible, as they came from the pens of the sacred writers. In our number for January, 1850, we gave a somewhat extended notice of a large volume by Professor Porter on the subject. We have also just imported, at an expense of six dollars a volume, a critically revised text of the New Testament, accompanied with a commentary by Henry Alford of the Established Church. We are sorry to say that we cannot speak very highly of Mr. Alford's labors. He may be a very good poet ; † but he does not appear to us to have a special call to be a critic of the text or an interpreter of the meaning of the New Testament. We mean that his work contains little or nothing valuable, which is not to be found in commentaries already in our hands, and that he has said many things which ought not to be found anywhere. How can we commend a critic, who not infrequently startles us with such assertions as that "in the whole fortieth chapter of Isaiah the incarnate Jehovah is the subject" ? Especially does it appear singular to us that a vicar of the English Church should undertake to give what he calls a

* *A Treatise on Biblical Criticism, exhibiting a Systematic View of that Science.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D. D., LL. D. Vol. I. *The Old Testament.* Vol. II. *The New Testament.* Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 8vo. pp. xv., 446, and xii., 472.

† See *Christian Examiner* for January, 1850, p. 47.

"provisional text, — the one best suited to the intended use of his edition under present circumstances"; and one "which may be regarded as an experiment how far the public mind in England may be disposed to receive even the first and plainest results of the now advanced state of textual criticism."* In our view, one who professes to be a critic should give us *his own judgment* in respect to every word, or let the text of the New Testament alone. The tendency of such a mode of dealing with the text of the New Testament as Mr. Alford does not hesitate to avow, is to sanction and confirm all errors of much importance; that is, such as interest the public mind.

The work of Dr. Davidson is in two handsome octavo volumes, devoted to the consideration of the various topics connected with the textual criticism of the Scriptures, on a plan similar to that of Professor Porter. The treatise of the latter is so comprehensive, full, and excellent, that it is not easy to perceive the necessity of another work on the same subject. It probably arose from the fact that the authors belong to different Christian denominations; Professor Porter being a Unitarian, and Dr. Davidson a Trinitarian of unsuspected orthodoxy. We cannot, however, but rejoice in the publication of a work so sound in its principles, so rich in its information, and so correct in its opinions, as that of Dr. Davidson; especially as it will be bought and read by many, who very naturally regard every thing proceeding from a Unitarian source with distrust and suspicion, under the influence of the sentiment, *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.

In this instance, it is true, there was not the slightest foundation for the charge of sectarian influence in respect to Professor Porter's book, as any one by examination might perceive. But this fact now appears more clearly, from a comparison of it with that of Dr. Davidson. It now appears that neither in their views of the defectiveness of the received text, nor in their statement of the character and authority of the manuscripts, versions, etc. by which it is to be corrected, nor in the principles and rules of criticism which they lay down, nor in the application of them to particular passages of Scripture, does

* Vol. I. Prol. 70.

one writer favor the sect to which he belongs more than the other.

This consideration of the agreement of two learned and able writers, of very different religious opinions, in their views of the subject of which they treat, is alone sufficient to show the desirableness of Dr. Davidson's work. It must increase the confidence of all, especially of those who have not the leisure to examine the foundations on which their opinions rest, in their general correctness.

We do not feel called upon to make a comparison between the two works. Our opinion of Dr. Porter's was expressed in a former number of this journal.* We may say, however, without suspicion of partiality, that his work has the advantage in the highly useful and beautiful fac-similes of portions of ancient Hebrew and Greek manuscripts by which it is accompanied. Of Dr. Davidson's we can say, that he deserves very great credit for extensive research, for the correctness of the principles and rules of criticism which he lays down, for the fulness of his information on all the topics pertaining to the subject up to the latest date, and especially for the independence and candor with which he states the results of his researches in regard to particular texts of Scripture. It is true, that his opinions relating to the few texts which have been supposed to have a bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity have the nearly unanimous support of modern critical scholars of Germany, however different may be their theological views. They are such as must, one would think, command the assent of all who attach the value which Dr. Davidson does to ancient documents in preference to modern, and who are governed by established principles of criticism rather than by traditional biases. But when we recollect what specimens of textual criticism of the New Testament have been exhibited in England by a Travis, a Burgess, a Henderson, and a Bloomfield, and when we see the University of Oxford still sending forth the old text of Mill, which he himself believed to be corrupt in numberless passages, in type and binding of the highest beauty, as if aiming to atone for a corrupt text by such outward

* For January, 1850.

show, we think a man deserves considerable credit, who has the candor and independence to receive and to publish the truth.

In these remarks we refer chiefly to the judgment which Dr. Davidson has given on the few texts which have been supposed to have a bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity, especially on the reading of 1 Tim. iii. 16. For in reading *κύριον*, *Lord*, instead of *θεοῦ*, *God*, in Acts xx. 28, and in rejecting 1 John v. 7 as spurious, he has the general support of orthodox critics.

But in regard to 1 Tim. iii. 16 we must say that a good deal of theological prejudice has been manifested in England and this country, and that the prevalent opinion among the orthodox clergy is incorrect. How else can we account for the fact, that in Germany, where this text has been examined by critics rather than theologians, the decision has been so different from what it is in this country and England?

Dr. Davidson, following the great majority of Continental critics, such as Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, De Wette, Rosenmueller, Schott, Vater, Heinrichs, Olshausen, Wiesinger, Meyer, and Huther, thinks the reading *ὅς*, *he who*, much better supported than either *θεός*, *God*, or *ὃ*, *which*. We think he has given the fullest, fairest, and most correct statement of the evidence for each reading which we have seen. To it we refer our readers. After carefully adducing and weighing this evidence, he remarks: "In this manner we arrive at the conclusion that *ὅς* is best supported by the external evidence, in its threefold division of manuscripts, versions, and fathers."

"We come now to *internal* evidence. *ὅς* is the most difficult reading. It appears harsh and ungrammatical. Hence it would be most readily altered. Again, the origin of the other two can be better explained from it, than its rise from either of them. It is easy to see how prone copyists would be to change *ὅς* into *ὃ* in order to make it agree in gender with the antecedent *μυστήριον*. They knew also that the passage was commonly explained of Christ; and as most manuscripts were in the hands of the orthodox, they might change *OC* into *ΘC*. In this manner it would be a better weapon against such heretics as impugned the proper deity of Christ. Certainly the tendency in earlier times would be to change, by a slight process, *ὅς* into *θεός*. Little suspicion would attach to the person or persons who did so, amid the anx-

iety to uphold the divinity of Christ's person. The altered reading would be generally welcome and adopted. And, improbable as we naturally reckon it to be, that mention should have been made of $\delta\varsigma$ being changed into $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$, since the writings of those likely to speak of it are so few, yet mention *is* made of it in the case of Macedonius. Whatever truth there be in that account, one thing at least is certain, that some persons about or soon after the time of Macedonius regarded the reading $\delta\varsigma$ as the original, out of which arose $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$.

"On the other hand, had $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$ been early changed into $\delta\varsigma$, we should most probably have heard of it in history. The orthodox must have noticed the alteration, and would doubtless have reprobated it. They would at once have detected and exposed it, as a corruption of the text made to impugn a great doctrine for which they contended so strenuously. Yet we do not read in any ancient writer of the text having been corrupted from $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$ into $\delta\varsigma$. Hence it may be inferred that it was *not* so changed. The origin of $\delta\varsigma$ is not accounted for by the fathers in that way, — a way in which it was most natural for them to explain it had they not felt that it was the true reading.

"If it be said that $\delta\varsigma$ may have arisen by accident or the carelessness of transcribers from $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$, we answer, that even then it would soon have been noticed and restored. An *accidental* alteration would soon have been converted by the fathers into a *designed* one on the part of heretics, had $\delta\varsigma$ become as extensively diffused as we judge from A. and C. that it really was." — Vol. II. p. 398 et seq.

We entirely agree with Dr. Davidson in regard to the true reading of this verse. We have observed, however, one or two inadvertences in his statement of the evidence, the correction of which would strengthen his conclusion. One relates to a passage in a document which goes under the name of the Epistle of Dionysius of Alexandria to Paul of Samosata, and which has been supposed to favor the reading $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}\varsigma$. Dr. Davidson has not adverted to the fact, that this letter has, by the almost unanimous consent of critics, such as Neander, Gieseler, Montfaucon, Basnage, Dupin, and Lardner, been pronounced to be spurious, and of a much later date than the time of Dionysius of Alexandria. Another inadvertence is Dr. Davidson's omission to give the reading of the Philoxenian Syriac version in the passage under consideration. He mentions the marginal reading as denoting $\delta\varsigma$, but does not state the reading of the text itself. He should have stated that it was the translation of either $\delta\varsigma$ or δ .

It may also be observed, that the evidence of the ancient versions against the reading $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$, though it may be gathered from the facts stated by Dr. Davidson, is not represented by him with so much force and prominence as it might be. The circumstance, that, although, on account of the ambiguous gender of the Oriental relative pronoun, it is uncertain whether it is a translation of $\delta\varsigma$ or $\delta\acute{\iota}$ in this passage, all the versions in all parts of the world up to the ninth century unite their testimony against $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$, is to our minds of very great weight. The united testimony of *all* the versions appears to us to have a cumulative weight beyond what attaches to each one of them separately. When we consider that neither in the African, the Syrian, the Roman, or the Gothic Church was any version found containing the reading $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$, and that the Coptic, the Sahidic, the Old Italic, the Vulgate, the Peshito Syriac, the Philoxenian Syriac, the Armenian, the Erpenian Arabic, the Ethiopic, and the Gothic versions, most of them older than any Greek manuscript extant, all read either $\delta\varsigma$, *who*, or $\delta\acute{\iota}$, *which*, and not $\theta\epsilon\acute{o}s$, *God*, and when we take into view the testimony of the most ancient Greek manuscripts, as stated by Dr. Davidson, we are surprised that any critic can maintain the genuineness of the reading of the received text. It is inconceivable that *all* the versions should have been at variance with the Greek manuscripts of their age in a verse of so much importance.

In regard to the choice between the readings $\delta\varsigma$, *who*, and $\delta\acute{\iota}$, *which*, there is more room for doubt. Some critics of great distinction have decided for the reading $\delta\acute{\iota}$. But we believe that, relying on the statements of others, they have so decided under a misapprehension in regard to the evidence of the ancient versions.* We believe that the only certain testimony in favor of the reading $\delta\acute{\iota}$ is a single Greek manuscript, a valuable one, it is true, the Clermont, of the sixth century. We believe that the only additional *probable* testimony in its favor from the versions is that of the Old Italic and Vulgate. We know that we advance a novel and bold opinion in regarding the testimony of the Old Italic and Vulgate as *uncertain* testimony in favor of the reading $\delta\acute{\iota}$; but to express what we think will hurt

* See Christian Examiner for January, 1850, p. 35 et seq.

nobody. Learned critics can easily set us right, if we are wrong. We ask, then, where is the improbability, on the supposition that the Latin translators read *μυστήριον, ὃς ἐφανερώθη* in their Greek manuscripts, that they should have translated those words "*mysterium quod manifestatum est*," instead of "*qui manifestatus est*," for the sake of the concord in gender? We confess that we are unable to see the improbability, especially as we know that Jerome and all the Latin fathers understood Christ personally to be denoted by "*mysterium quod*." There was no reason, therefore, why they should violate the Latin concord. There is also another fact bearing on the case; namely, that Jerome, the translator of the Vulgate, having in his comment on Isaiah liii. 11 occasion to quote a part of the verse without the Latin antecedent *mysterium*, quotes it as if the Greek manuscript, to which he was accustomed, read *ὃς*, viz. "*qui manifestatus est*." If, however, in deference to the unanimous voice of critics, we admit that the Old Italic and Vulgate favor the reading *ὃ*, we yet maintain that this reading, having only a single manuscript in its favor, and being easily accounted for by the supposition that the *s* was dropped from the relative by some over-nice grammatical copyist, as was probably the case in several other instances, such as John vi. 9, Rev. xiii. 14, Col. i. 27, is a very improbable one. The reading *ὃς*, adopted by Dr. Davidson, in accordance with Griesbach, seems to us far preferable both on external and internal grounds. We believe, also, that the meaning of the verse, as given by Dr. Davidson, is more correct than that which has sometimes been adopted by those who, with him, decide for the reading *ὃς*. It is as follows:—

"It has been objected to the reading *ὃς*, that it does not accord with the laws of grammatical construction. This has been often asserted, but never proved. It is not necessary to refer *ὃς* to *μυστήριον* as its simple and sole antecedent. Neither is it necessary to refer it to *θεοῦ ζώντος* with a parenthesis between. We do not adopt either of these constructions; and therefore all considerations based on them, and tending to show that *ὃς* is neither good sense nor good Greek, may be left for those whom they concern.

"We are disposed to understand *ὃς* in the sense of *he who*. To this construction, too, a common objection has been made, that

it is foreign to the Greek idiom, both classical and Hellenistic. It is said, for example, that the regular Greek construction would require *ὁ φανερωθείς*. The participle, with the article prefixed, is affirmed to be proper, as in the Epistle to the Galatians, i. 23, *ὁ διώκων ἡμᾶς, κ. τ. λ., he that persecuted us*. In opposition to this argumentation, we hold that *ὁς*, in the sense of *he who* is good Greek. It includes in itself both the demonstrative and relative. But it has been said, that where there is such a usage of *ὁς* as that before us, in the nominative, it is not used in the sense of *he who*, but *whosoever*, i. e. it is not employed *particularly* or *specifically*, but *generically*. It must be equivalent to *ὁς ἕαν* or *ὁς ἄν*. In answer to this, we believe that the usage of *ὁς* in this way may be rendered sufficiently specific by the preceding context. So John iii. 34, Luke vii. 43, and other places. We cannot see, therefore, any valid objection to the rendering *he who*. It is good Greek, good sense, and has no internal consideration against it. But it should be remarked, that we do not take the clauses *was justified in the Spirit, &c., &c.*, as making up the predicate of the proposition of which *ὁς* [*ἐφανερώθη*] is the subject; but *all* the clauses, including *ὁς ἐφανερώθη*, as an explanatory and emphatic adjunct to the *mystery of godliness*. It is intended to point out *in what* the mystery of godliness consists, showing that it is concentrated and embodied in THE PERSON WHO *was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory*. The proper antecedent or subject to which *ὁς ἐφανερώθη* refers, is *implied* in *μυστήριον τῆς εὐσεβείας* preceding."

If it still be urged, that there is something unusual in the omission of the express name *Jesus Christ* before *ὁς*, it may tend to remove even this difficulty, to recollect what has been suggested by several critics, that the well-balanced couplets of which the verse is composed were probably a quotation from a primitive Christian hymn or creed. In modern printing it might be represented thus: *And without contradiction great is the mystery of godliness,*

"He who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit;
Beheld by angels, preached among the Gentiles;
Believed on in the world, received up in glory."

Mack, as cited by Wiesinger *ad locum*, observes:—

"The short, unconnected sentences, in which the words are similarly arranged, and the number of syllables almost equal, while the ideas are antithetically related, are so suitable to religious hymns, that we find all these characteristics in a series of

later hymns used by the Greek and Latin Church. When we look particularly at the separate clauses in which is represented the mysterious excellence of him who is the essential import of this great mystery, it will be evident, as others have already noticed, that they form parallel clauses, of which every two are a connected pair, and form an antithesis turning upon the opposition of heaven to earth, and so placed as that the order of the antithesis is reversed, in each new pair of clauses: — flesh and spirit, — angels and nations, — world and heavenly glory. It will also at once be perceived that there is a correspondence between the first and the last clause, — was manifested in the flesh, — was received up into glory.”

In concluding our article, we cannot help adverting to the testimony which is borne to the unrivalled fidelity, sagacity, and good judgment of Griesbach by all subsequent investigations. Some new manuscripts have been discovered, and others have been more fully and accurately collated since his time. His theory of recensions has been shown to be artificial, and in great measure unfounded. Yet such was his practical sagacity and judgment, that most of the important emendations of the received text introduced into his edition of the New Testament have been amply confirmed by the great majority of the most distinguished New Testament critics, up to the present day. As a critical editor he far surpasses all succeeding critics. And though his text is undoubtedly susceptible of amendment in some passages, particularly in the pointing, yet if one wishes to possess but one edition of the Greek Testament without a critical apparatus accompanying it, we should hesitate a good deal before giving any other edition the preference to his, even at the present day.

G. R. N.

ART. VI.—DE QUINCEY'S WRITINGS.*

THESE volumes have both a relative and an intrinsic interest;—the former as specimens of the periodical literature of the age,—in its most vigorous and brilliant days of British journalism,—now first brought together and recognized in their complete significance on this side of the water; and the latter on account of the individuality of their tone, the scope of their reasoning, and the variety and grace of their style. Papers like these, written for Blackwood and the London Magazine, indicate the kind of demand that prevailed in the literary market, not less than the nature of the supply; the sympathy with genius, the love of analysis, the reform enterprises of the day, the poetical schools, the influx of German literature, the social character of popular writing, and the vast improvement both in style and depth of thinking even in the most casual forms of the art,—all are manifested by these remarkable papers. Considered as the offspring of a single mind, they are no inadequate indication also of the breadth and versatility of culture open to the man of letters in our time;—of the complex mental excitement and great resources which naturally fall to his lot, and are realized according to his capacity. How much intellectual life, inspiration, and enjoyment is suggested by the historical events, the studies, the books, and the men and women herein either described or criticized! Indeed, De Quincey's writings are not less an æsthetic daguerreotype of the times than a revelation of himself.

He has that rare combination of insight and sensibility which yields a vital charm to any topic discussed with

* *The Writings of THOMAS DE QUINCEY.* In Twelve Volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850-53. 16mo.

1. *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, and Suspiria de Profundis.* pp. 272.
2. *Biographical Essays.* pp. 284.
3. *Miscellaneous Essays.* pp. 250.
4. *The Cæsars.* pp. 295.
5. *Life and Manners.* pp. 347.
6. *Literary Reminiscences; from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater.* 2 vols. pp. 366, 337.
7. *Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers.* 2 vols. pp. 280, 302.
8. *Essays on the Poets, and other English Writers.* pp. 296.
9. *Historical and Critical Essays.* 2 vols. pp. 345, 354.

earnestness. He is at once a scholar, a thinker, and a man of feeling; and the interest of his writings lies in the fact, that in one or another of these characters his themes are unfolded. Sometimes it is in the light of knowledge, sometimes in a purely reflective point of view, and, at others, by the glow of enthusiasm, pity, or love, that he dwells upon a favorite person or analyzes a suggestive book. In each of these relations there is a genuine basis of interest; and accordingly the intelligent or susceptible reader will seldom find one of his pages devoid of attractive facts, deep emotion, or bold thought. In this eminently consists De Quincey's merit, — that he either knows thoroughly a phase or department, at least, of his subject, and is thus enabled to inform; or he has a genuine sympathy which justifies him in making it the text of a paper. His mind is singularly independent, and, at the same time, variously furnished; his intellectual bias is so strong, that it finds aliment from the most dissimilar objects; his common experience, his daily observation, and his extensive reading, all act both as stimuli and a nucleus to his reflective powers.

His habit of thought is remarkably introspective; human nature and the idiosyncrasies of his own character have for him a singular interest. He observes the facts of consciousness, and finds in their exposition the same pleasure that coarser minds discover in the objective representation of passion and incident. In this philosophical taste De Quincey excels. It prompted his first literary undertaking; for it is evidently as a reporter of mental phenomena that he made his *Opium Confessions*. There are involved in them ideas, experiences, suggestions, that unveil the drama of inward life, and lay bare, like a receding tide, both ghastly relics and precious gems. It has been objected to this work, that it spreads the net of temptation by eloquently portraying the enjoyment derivable from a pernicious drug. But two cogent reasons modify this objection; the first is, that the dreadful consequences of such a habit as opium-eating are as impressively stated as the immediate pleasure; and the second is, that the latter, instead of being universal, is confined to a few organizations. It is also to be remembered, that the ostensible subject of the *Confessions* is by no means their chief attraction; it is the sentiment

and expression of the writer that lend beauty and significance to his narrative.

Alive, however, as are these essays, and therefore to be prized far above the mechanical writing that forms the staple of current literature, this very quality of animation is sometimes purchased at the expense of consistency, thoroughness, and fair reasoning. In other words, we often enjoy De Quincey's glow and acuteness without being able to subscribe to his opinions; we sometimes accept his facts without adopting the inferences drawn from them; and cannot but feel that he is occasionally not less paradoxical than eloquent or amusing. It is in a liberal point of view and with reference to the spirit in which he usually writes, and not with an eye to his special judgments and details of argument, that we must view him. Not that he is not at times wonderfully discriminating and just in these particulars, but that he is equally liable to exercise his ingenuity in behalf of a prejudice or whim; and especially, in certain instances, apt to give the most partial and incomplete exposition of a subject, either from indifference or a limited view. In these cases, however, the error is quite palpable; a frank, decided manner, and not a sophistical and conscious mood, is apparent: and it is therefore easy to make allowance for the exaggeration and the prejudice inseparable from such individualism and earnestness as characterize De Quincey.

Instances of this partial view of a question and exaggerated statement are, indeed, of frequent occurrence. Thus, in his article on the "Temperance Reform," he is doubtless correct in attributing the appetite for stimulants partly to a morbid condition of the digestive organs; but, in his desire to make out a case, he is quite unjust to the average English cookery. Every traveller knows that joints of the best mutton and beef, roasted to a turn, are more easily obtained in Great Britain than elsewhere; and that the anomalous *cuisine* of the Continent is far less conducive to health. Again, he considers the night ascent of Etna to view the sunrise a traveller's folly, — because* that glorious spectacle is witnessed to better advantage from a plain; but he does not take cognizance of the real motive of the excursion, which is to behold the shadow of the cone thrown over Sicily, and to watch

the gradual unfolding of one of the most varied and extensive landscapes in Europe. He demurs to the popular estimate of Pope's correctness, and indicates obscurity and errors of grammar to sustain his opinion, without recognizing the true ground of this reputation of the poet, which doubtless lies in a versification far more smooth, well-emphasized, and sonorous than that of his predecessors. It is in making "sound an echo to the sense," that Pope became renowned as a correct bard. In the same incomplete way he discusses the poetry of Keats, declaring that *Endymion* is all tinsel and filigree, while *Hyperion* is a magnificent fragment; whereas in the former poem there are, with many affectations, signs of "high promise, images and descriptive touches of the same beautiful kind as adorn, with less alloy, Keats's later effort. He denies particular merit to Godwin's "*Caleb Williams*," and even questions its popularity, giving a very facetious outline of the plot, and scarcely alluding to its distinctive claim, which is that of a purely metaphysical interest, and the successful experiment of constructing a story that absorbs the reader without a love-plot, — which, previous to its appearance, was deemed essential to a novel.

De Quincey's ideal of literature and character is high; his mood is aspiring, and therefore minor faults are easily tolerated in his writings. "That boy can harangue an Athenian mob," said his tutor, "better than you or I can address an English audience." When he left school and wandered off in the Quixotic spirit of youth, he carried a copy of Euripides and a favorite poet of his own tongue in his pocket; and this free intercourse with nature and habitual reference to the genius of antiquity and of his own time were characteristic of his mental aptitude. He realizes perfectly the distinction between genius and talent. "A miscellaneous audience," he remarks, "is best conciliated by that sort of talent which reflects the average mind, which is not over-weighted in any one direction, is not tempted into any extreme, and is able to preserve a steady rope-dancer's equilibrium of posture upon themes where a man of genius is most apt to lose it." No critic has more emphatically taken into view Pope's Catholicism and its influence on his career; and yet he has also done the greatest justice to the poet's religious sentiment. "It is remarkable," he observes,

"that Pope betrays, in all places where he has occasion to *argue* about Christianity, how much grander and more faithful were the sub-conscious perceptions of his heart than the explicit commentaries of his understanding." His perceptions are often at once delicate and comprehensive, as when he infers the youthful simplicity of Shelley's first wife from her casual expression to some visitors, speaking of her garden attached to her lodgings: "Whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house, the people let us *run about* in it." His personal impressions, however, supersede all reports. Thus Hazlitt's misanthropy is the chief fact in his nature upon which De Quincey expatiates; the record of his mind he passes by. His chapter of London life, in the *Opium-Eater*, reads like the fragment of a highly-wrought fiction, so graphic is the retrospect; and the "*Household Wreck*" is a story through which runs a tragic monotone in the most effective style of narrative art.

The variety of topics discussed in these volumes is quite as remarkable as the ability evinced in their treatment. In the first place we have a disconnected but still nearly complete autobiography of De Quincey himself, written with the zest of a poet and the insight of a metaphysician; then a series of papers conceived in the most vivid tone and devoted to subjects of popular interest, viewed under a satirical, romantic, or speculative guise, such as "*Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*"; "*The English Stage-coach*"; "*Dinner Real and Reputed*." A set of literary portraits, well defined, spirited, bold, and usually drawn from intimate observation, succeed. Then follow what may be called historical essays, wherein full and reliable information is mingled with a strain of philosophic remark or illustrative anecdote;—including "*The Cæsars*," "*Oxford*," "*The Irish Rebellion*," &c. Other pages are devoted to criticism, or to a little treatise on "*Style*," "*Roman History*," or "*Modern Superstition*"; here "*The Flight of a Tartar Tribe*" is described with picturesque effect, there the claims of German literature are eloquently unfolded; now we are deep in the last days of a philosopher, and again perplexed by an ingenious defence of war or duelling,—entertained with the adventures of a Spanish nun, or moved by an anecdote of Charles Lamb. Well may

De Quincey say of himself, that he is no hypocrite, but "rather frank to an infirmity." He is indeed a psychological study, so entirely does he give up his mind, heart, and history to the reader; and although, as he justly declares, "a writer of this day, either in France or England, to be *very* popular, must be a story-teller, which is a function of literature neither very noble in itself nor tending to permanence," — yet no recent didactic author has so well succeeded in giving to his writings that personal interest and dramatic effect in which consists the popular charm of fiction.

De Quincey's culture, in the broadest acceptation of the term, was adapted to insure generous sympathies and requisite discipline. His classical education, German studies, communion with native poets, wanderings in Wales, secluded life among the Westmoreland lakes, his lonely sojourn in London, his early vicissitudes, and his interesting social experience, each and all left deep traces on his nature. Pictures tinted with life haunted his imagination; exemplars of literary art moulded his taste; the attrition of gifted minds quickened his own, and over all a contemplative spirit brooded. Thus furnished and trained he became a seer, an interpreter, an apt purveyor in the fields both of love and observation. His "*Cæsars*" is an admirable result of scholarship, individualized and philosophically reproduced; his few stories are imbued with the intensity of reflective sentiment; his criticisms abound with suggestive wisdom, and his speculative essays are thoughtful, brilliant, keenly humorous or deeply affecting; in the *rationale* of a question, in the salient points of a biography, he is at home; and these general merits are not contravened by the extravagance of statement or the latitude of reasoning in which he is wont to indulge, nor by the wayward episodes and desultory habits of expression of which systematic readers complain.

There is a colloquial ease in his style, a directness of expression which gives emphasis to his ideas. He writes after the manner of the best conversation. Let us imagine a gifted companion, — his feelings enlisted, his memory stirred, and his reflection thoroughly at work upon some genial question, character, or reminiscence, — and he would express himself very much as De Quincey

writes in his happiest moods; now giving a firmly outlined and animated description; now branching out into a collateral subject, and again at work upon an elaborate illustration. The apparently unpremeditated line of remark, the anecdotes and references to books, incidents of personal experience, outbreaks of pathos and interludes of reflection, are all quite natural where a writer or speaker is too full of his subject to plan a method of argument or mould his expression into an artistic form. There are, indeed, whole pages of De Quincey which illustrate the art of writing in its highest phase, but in its whole treatment his manner of developing a subject is apparently accidental. Perhaps this desultory style is the most effective for a writer swayed by emotion and retentive of knowledge. The materials of his discourse become fused in the heated crucible of sympathetic meditation and emerge with a spirit and grace not attainable from any more considered process. It is the secret of all eloquence; carelessness of effect to an earnest mind is the very best means of realizing it. We respect the author who is not content simply to delineate, but ever and anon deepens the flow of his discourse by a philosophic commentary grafted as a moral lesson, but inspired as a natural sentiment; and this habit enriches many of De Quincey's papers and gives a new significance and dignity to his ideas. He is always bringing a general to bear on a special circumstance, or drawing a comprehensive idea from an incidental fact. There is a dominant metaphysical vein in his authorship, which raises it above the level of a mere literary craft. He takes no prescriptive or commonplace view, but embraces a question, not only with his intelligence, but with his personality, if we may thus express it; the subject is warmed, lighted up, revealed by his pen, — if not always with entire truth and clearness, yet invariably in somewhat of a fresh and suggestive light. His aim is beneath the surface; he seeks for the elemental principle and the genuine relation; and therefore our view of the most familiar subject is brightened and expanded by his discussion of it.

Another merit of these writings is the firm combination of life and letters they yield. The scholar and the man have been kept too much apart in didactic literature.

From the majority of sermons, essays, and treatises, it is impossible to derive any notion of the antecedents of the writer, of his idiosyncrasies or experience. The mode of dealing with his subject, however tasteful or clever, is not human; the man is lost in the author. De Quincey admits us not only into the range of his reading and the sphere of his opinions, but into his career, his society, his heart; we know not only what he has studied, but what he has suffered. He reads character, history, and life with the lamp of experience at his side. It is no book-worm or monk who talks so agreeably, and often profoundly, with us, about Coleridge and Goethe, Shakespeare and Landor, but a man who has lived in the nineteenth century, felt the shock of its revolutions, and gazed ardently from the solitary ocean of his consciousness upon its intellectual beacons; one who has wandered hungry through Oxford Street, fraternized with Wordsworth, explored scenery, known persecution and love, erred, repented, enjoyed, and suffered even as a brother; and the memory of these things is woven into his abstractions, and gives them vitality and a genuine relation to the world of to-day. Life, as well as books, has taught De Quincey choice lessons; and he can satirize or elaborate its phases, under the form of an amateur murder or a stage-coach adventure, not less than in the character of a literary critic. Indeed, the emotional, whether derived from society, nature, books, or opium, has been his favorite study; few writers have applied to it the same degree of analytical observation. He is one of the few authors who tend directly to increase the conscious interest of life considered as an experience; he looks inward as well as around, and reveals that boundless world which habit and insensibility shroud to our perception. He makes us feel that the heart and the mind are all in all; that human character is a vast and thrilling study; and that the spectacle of human life includes all the tragic, comic, and picturesque elements that the dramatist invents.

Perhaps no exigency but that created by periodical and anonymous literature could have elicited all these desirable traits. The freedom of utterance thus secured, and the comparatively limited space allowed, promote both originality of views and brevity of expression. The

acquisitions, the adventures, and even the whims and fancies of a man, are thus, as it were, provoked into record. The magazine becomes a confessional; the public graciously inclines an ear, and the unseen votary unconsciously whispers the tender secret or the wayward crotchet in the midst of more grave revelations. Compare Johnson's artificial rhetoric, or Addison's figurative homilies, with the personal, frank, and characteristic essays of Lamb, Hunt, and De Quincey.

If we were to designate the latter's mind by a single epithet, we should call it appreciative. In intellectual sympathy he has been rarely equalled. Recognizing the moral beauty or the poetic instinct of a character, through all its incidental environments, with a subtle and an eager gaze, he watches and reports their development. Whatever is heroic, tender, and sincere, appeals without limit to his love. He delights in reproducing and celebrating such triumphs of our common nature, not in a studied and artistic, but in an earnest and intelligent manner. Who has so ably vindicated the noble purity of Jean d'Arc, or the truthful simplicity of Goldsmith, or the fine and sweet characteristics of Charles Lamb? Into a cause like this, where the philosophy of character demands an expositor, or the inadequacy of popular judgments needs to be rectified, the keen and glowing pen of De Quincey becomes a finely tempered lance wielded by a truly chivalric arm. It is a high service that he thus enacts; and one which no champion uninspired by the love of genius and his kind, and unendowed with a fine and noble intellect, could effectually render.

H. T. T.

ART. VII. — MAN AND NATURE, IN THEIR RELIGIOUS RELATIONS.*

It is not without hesitation that the above title has been placed at the head of this article. But no other equally comprehensive and definite will express so well the subject we have now in view. Let no false expectations be excited; nor let the writer be charged with presumption, for treating so large a theme in so small a compass. A topic of such magnitude must be taken up in fragments. And here it is proposed to take it up as a question of dogmatic theology. The books named below are mentioned only because from different points they throw light upon the general subject.

There are two prominent theories upon the relations existing between Man and Nature. The first regards man as the lord of nature, moulding it with his hand, and stamping on it the impress of his free mind. According to this view, man was created puny and helpless, in subordination to the material powers. The earth, his kind mother, fed him from her bounty, and ruled him by her ordinances until the period of his maturity, when, having come to himself, he took her under his friendly authority and filial care. This theory appeals for its justification to the general analogies of nature, the researches of modern science, and the organization of the mind. It appeals, likewise, to history, and even to tradition carefully interpreted.

The second theory exactly reverses the positions of the first. It holds that man was originally made perfect, in body, mind, conscience, and soul; that his whole being therefore transcended nature, which lay submissive at his feet. This position of supremacy he forfeited by a vol-

* 1. *The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some Parts of Geological Science.* By JOHN PYE SMITH, D. D., LL. D., F. R. S., and F. G. S. Fifth Edition. *With a Short Sketch of the Literary Life of the Author.* By JOHN HAMILTON DAVIES, B. A. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1852. 12mo. pp. 468.

2. *The Earth, Plants, and Man. Popular Pictures of Nature.* By JOACHIM FREDERIC SCHOUW, Professor of Botany in the University of Copenhagen. *And Sketches from the Mineral Kingdom.* By FRANCIS VON KOBELL. Translated and edited by ARTHUR HENFREY, F. R. S., F. L. S., &c. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1852. 12mo. pp. 402.

untary act; he fell; in falling subjected himself to the powers of the earth, became mortal and sensual, and introduced corruption and discord into the spiritual and the natural world. The supporters of this theory — which is the prevalent belief of Protestant Christendom, and the basis of what is called the scheme of Redemption — appeal to the Bible, and to Christian theology. They also painfully endeavor to reconcile their view with the discoveries of science. We propose to submit this doctrine to a brief, but comprehensive criticism; from which we think it will appear, that its positions are justified neither by Scripture nor by the general consent of theologians; and that they are completely refuted by all that we know of the earth and its inhabitants.

Of course the theory under review claims in its favor, at the outset, the opening chapters in Genesis. To this old record, therefore, attention must first be directed. A careful reading will convince even the unlearned that we have here two separate accounts of the creation, which by no means coincide. One of these is contained in the first chapter, the other in the second chapter from the fourth verse. They cannot both be the work of the same author. Not to mention less important discrepancies, it is enough to state here, that, according to the first narrative, man is the last work of God, created when every thing else is finished; and according to the second, he is formed first, out of the dust of the ground, ere yet a single living thing had appeared. The first account says that the trees and plants sprung up immediately from the soil; the second, that none existed until rain fell, and there was a man to till the ground. In the first record it appears that the man and the woman were created simultaneously. The second expressly declares that Adam was formed singly, and remained for a time alone, and that Eve, his companion, was fashioned from one of his ribs while he slept. Passing over these inconsistencies, which destroy the historical value of both accounts, we remark further, that neither narrative countenances the idea that Adam was created perfect in the dogmatical sense. In Gen. i. 27, we read that God made man in his own image, after his likeness; language which evidently refers to the dominion that was bestowed upon him over all created things. And this interpretation

seems to be confirmed by the eighth Psalm, and more clearly still by Ecclesiasticus xvii. 3. The word "image" is applied to corporeal, never to spiritual resemblance. The Jewish imagination clothed the Deity with a human shape; it is possible, therefore, that the idea of physical likeness may be also included in the passage above cited. The second narrative says nothing of man as made in the image of God. He is formed out of the dust, and by virtue of the breath in his nostrils becomes a living soul. He passes a blameless existence in the beautiful garden, eating the immortal fruit of the tree of life, but forbidden, on pain of death, to pluck from the other tree the fruit that gives the knowledge of good and evil. His condition is that of childlike innocence rather than of virtue. He named the beasts; but so does every savage tribe have a name for each animal and plant. He was naked and not ashamed; so are the wild man of the woods, and the infant, both wanting in moral sensibility. Elohim wishes to keep him in a condition of childhood; he forbids, therefore, his eating of the tree of knowledge. It is expressly stated that the Creator was actuated by *jealousy* in laying upon man this prohibition. "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And after the transgression, the Lord himself says, "Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever; therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden." If we suppose God to have withheld the fruit of the forbidden tree for a time only, until man should be of age to enjoy it, then we suppose him to have been an infant in his development. Thus, according to Genesis, the sin of Adam was his thirsting for wisdom; the Fall was his awakening to moral consciousness; the punishment was the sense of dissatisfaction and want. He does not *become* frail and mortal; he is only made *aware* of his infirmity and transientness. He was formed out of the dust of the ground, and was emphatically warned that nothing but abstinence from the tree of knowledge would save him from death. How long man would have lived had he given heed to the Divine admonition, and repressed his curiosity, does

not appear. Immortality could be his only on condition of his eating of the tree of life; but it would seem that Adam had no desire to eat of the tree of life until he had eaten of the tree of wisdom, and arrived at the knowledge of good and evil:—"And now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever." The Fall, then, was a step towards immortality. It was the unfolding of the spirit's wings that reminded man of his body's weight. Death was but the shadow of the new-born soul. So teach these ancient records. The rest of the doom is naturally explained in accordance with this interpretation. Labor is a necessity imposed upon a craving nature. The savage does not labor in the cultivation of his fields. The earth is sterile to him who demands more substantial food than wild grapes and berries. None but the tiller of the earth is aware of the abundance of thorns and nettles, or feels them to be an evil. Man, come to himself, alive to the sense of his power and capacity, is first apprised of difficulties and dangers; he finds enemies; pain and sorrow are his portion; waste places are an offence to him; the crawling reptile is an insidious foe. Man, being at hostility with himself, discovers that all things are hostile to him. Heaven recedes with his ascending hope and advancing ideal of happiness. God is unfriendly, because he no longer represents a perfection like his own. The face of nature wears a sinister expression. The wind moans and sobs. The subtle snake seems darting away from wrath. Contrasted with the joy and peace he longs for, suffering and toil are a heavy curse. Nothing forbids our reading thus the doom of Adam, because, as we have already shown, the narrative in Genesis not only allows, but compels us to regard him as an undeveloped being, whom a daring curiosity brought to the bitter consciousness of hope and fear.

The remaining books of the Old Testament contain no allusion whatever to the doctrine of man's perfection and fall. It is true that evil breaks out in frightful forms in the very first generation after Adam. Cain murders Abel. Afterwards Lamech addresses a bloody and vindictive speech to his wives. Later, we are told of the depraved intercourse between the sons of God and the daughters of men, which was punished by a shortening

of human life ; and finally the wickedness of the world is too abominable to be endured, and a flood overwhelms the guilty race. But no hint is anywhere given of a causal connection between this corruption and the first man's transgression. It is not ever so distantly intimated that man has been in a state of decline. Bitter complaints enough there are in the Old Testament about the sinfulness of mankind, — sweeping and merciless expressions, as if piety had forsaken the earth, as if the offspring were perverted from the mother's womb, as if man inherited weakness from woman ; but still no reference is made to the story in Genesis. On the contrary, men are continually exhorted to love wisdom, and to hold fast the Divine law. Integrity is not wanting. Job persists in calling himself just, in spite of all presumptions to the contrary ; the Psalmist repeatedly affirms his righteousness ; the Preacher asserts that God makes men upright. Numerous passages teach that blindness of mind and hardness of heart are not the normal condition of people. Even the heart of Pharaoh has to be supernaturally indurated. Everywhere, in fact, it is tacitly assumed that man is progressing. Prior to the captivity, the Jews had no theory of evil, no theory of man or of nature.

From the date of the Babylonish captivity onward, the speculative thought of Persian philosophy influenced very strongly the Hebrew mind. In the Apocryphal writings there are two passages (*Wisdom of Sol.* ii. 24, *Eccclus.* xxv. 24), which may possibly contain an indistinct allusion to the history of Adam and Eve. "Through the spite of the Devil, death has come into the world." "From woman is the origin of sin, and by reason of her do we all die." But it is not altogether improbable that the narrative in Genesis was itself composed about the period of the captivity, and was of Persian origin.

The orthodox theory of man's relation to nature does not appear in the Old Testament. It is almost superfluous to ask if it appears in the Gospel portion of the New. Christ never mentions an Eden or an Adam. He never exalts the past man above the present. The Gospels everywhere recognize man as born superior to nature. Jesus acknowledges that there are good men out of the circle of the Christian fraternity. Peter expressly

declares that among all people are some who fear God and do righteously. Even Paul testifies that the heathen may know God through their reason, and obey him with their conscience. But to argue this point would be a useless expenditure of time and labor. The Gospels are throughout opposed to the doctrine of man's subjection to nature.

Paul's view respecting this matter deserves a somewhat closer examination. It would be difficult to say how far this Apostle regarded the narrative in Genesis as historical. That he recognized historical elements in it cannot be doubted. Adam is too prominent a personage in his view to be either mythical or ideal. It is no easy matter to define the thoughts of Paul. So much, however, is certain; that the Apostle ascribes to his primitive man no perfection of any kind, physical or metaphysical. No mention is made of his wisdom or of his spiritual elevation. He was not in any sense the prototype of Christ, but in every point his contrast. "The first Adam was made a living soul; the second Adam was made a life-giving spirit." "The first man is earthy, born of the earth; the second man is the Lord from heaven." These phrases express no superficial distinction. They do not refer to the body of the one Adam and to the soul of the other. They are not partial in their application. They embrace in their meaning the whole personality of each of these great representatives of humanity. The earthy, psychical man, "a living soul" by virtue of the breath in his nostrils, as the story in Genesis informs us, represents the elements of nature, the principle of passionate, instinctive, animal life. The heavenly, spiritual man represents the elements of the soul, the principle of intelligence, faith, goodness. Just as the "natural body" is opposed to the "spiritual body," so the "natural man" is opposed to the "spiritual man." As in his whole being Christ was "heavenly," so in his whole being was Adam "earthy"; subjected therefore to nature, instead of nature's lord. In Paul's view, Adam was not by constitution immortal. He was liable to death. His body had in it the seeds of corruption, and like every fleshly body was mortal from its composition. Not that Adam was originally under the necessity of going down into the grave. By no means. That is the very point of nicety.

He was liable to death, but he might have escaped it; he might have lived an indefinite period upon the earth, and then have passed without a pang into the heavens, had he chosen to accept the special grace accorded to him, had he eaten of the tree of life, whose fruit conferred immortality. But he freely transgressed the Divine command, and death was the consequence. He was expelled from the garden, driven away from the tree of life, and abandoned to the law of his nature which doomed him to the grave, body and soul, — to the dim and dusky realm of Hades. The philosophy of the Jew did not sunder the spirit from the flesh. Death to him involved something more than the body's decay; it condemned the soul to the gloomy under-world of joyless existence. Adam died. Death was no longer a possibility; it was a fact. But of the first transgression this was the sole consequence. Paul says nothing of a change in Adam's nature; still less of any corruption in his soul; if possible, even less of any depravity inflicted upon him as punishment. Before his sin, he was the "natural," "earthy" man. The carnal and psychical elements prevailed in his composition from his birth. Only they were latent, not come into full and conscious activity. Transgression was the legitimate outbirth from Adam's constitution. An earthy, fleshly man, he had never the power to restrain his appetites, once aroused. The Apostle nowhere hints that the carnal element was introduced by the first man's sin; on the contrary, Adam, as the opposite of Christ, must have been essentially carnal. He might, we conceive, have applied to himself the Apostle's own language: "I had not known sin but by the law. I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. Sin, taking advantage of the commandment, wrought in me all manner of evil desire. For I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died." The original man, then, according to Paul, is rather undeveloped than perfect. His fall cannot be considered as a lapse from a higher to a lower condition of being, certainly not as a descent from a state of spiritual elevation to a state of spiritual corruption. It was rather the awakening of his self-consciousness, the bursting of his nature into active life. Paul, however, contemplates only the dark side of this awakening; looks

at its fear, not at its promise ; regards it not as the uplifting of a new idéal before one who had become aware of his spiritual nature, but as the rousing of that passionate energy which vexed the mind with anguish and dread, made the conscience quail and the heart despond, and sent the sickened soul at last to the shades of the under-world.

In what the Apostle teaches respecting the consequences of Adam's transgression to the world of nature and man, we find nothing inconsistent with the view here offered. He nowhere affirms that it has disturbed or distorted the material universe. This assertion is made in the very presence of the eighth chapter of Romans, and after a careful examination thereof. The later rabbins held that the earth was cursed with man in the Fall ; but we are not authorized in ascribing such an opinion to Paul. We have no disposition to circumscribe the meaning of "*κτίσις*," that very indefinite word, rendered in our version "creature," "the whole creation." Let it signify what it will. Let it embrace, as perhaps it does embrace, the whole creation, animate and inanimate, to the exclusion only of the glorified humanity of Christians. We are not justified in imputing to Paul the idea, that this whole creation was corrupted by the sin of Adam, that it groaned in sympathy with the echo of his transgression. For the Apostle never speaks of nature as having been originally perfect. Nay, he never speaks of Adam as having been originally perfect. His doctrine respecting the first man would seem to demand that nature should have been as it is from the beginning. Further, the very language of St. Paul appears to confirm this view. The "creature" is represented as longing, looking forward with hope. "*The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.*" Romans viii. 22, which is triumphantly put forward as the great proof-text of the orthodox doctrine, is in fact opposed to it. Paul is not thinking of a poor, sickly, puny, wailing creature ; far enough from that. The image before his mind is that of a woman in labor, a strong, hopeful woman, "groaning and travailing" with the noble man-child of promise. If this passage is any thing more than a daring outbreak of rhetoric, it is decidedly against the orthodox doctrine of a hopeless world. Nature's voice of complaint

has nothing like despair in its tone. To the Apostle's kindled imagination, the material universe sympathizes with man's agony and hope. Like him, she struggles in the bondage of corruption; like him, she sighs for her coming deliverance. It is not fancy, but reason, enlightened by the judgment of the most candid scholars, which makes us put into the mind of Paul a belief that the outward universe would undergo a transfiguration similar to that foretold by the ancient prophets; — not a restoration to a lost beauty, but a new and glorious transformation, when the mountains and the hills should break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field should clap their hands.

In consequence of Adam's transgression, the whole race of mankind was submitted to death, the same death to which Adam yielded. Paul says nothing of inward corruption, or transmitted evil. That Adam has instituted a law of depravity, he nowhere teaches. He does not ascribe toil, pain, the woman's labor, and the man's sweat, to any past offence. He does not even insist upon a causal connection between the sin of the first man and the sins of his posterity. Adam was the first sinner; he made a beginning in disobedience; mankind after him continued to disobey. The sequence is historical, not causal. The proof is experimental, not metaphysical. Paul is careful to state that each man sins for himself. "Death passed upon all men, *because all have sinned.*" He wishes to include all under sin, and in proof of universal sin alleges the *fact* of universal death. It was necessary to show that sin had reigned in the world during the whole period that preceded the Mosaic dispensation. But inasmuch as sin is not reckoned where there is no law, one might say that sin could not have existed in that period. To which Paul replies, "Nevertheless death did reign from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." The prevalence of death establishes the prevalence of sin. The whole reasoning presumes that each individual is responsible for his own transgression. Doubtless Paul believed, in common with other Jews, that the pious Enoch and the sainted Elijah were caught up immediately into heaven, instead of passing through the portals of the grave; a belief quite inconsistent with any transmitted corruption from Adam. Assuming this ex-

position to be the correct one, — and it could be easily justified if time allowed, — it is certainly safe to say that Paul does not teach that man was originally lord of Nature, and afterwards her slave. His theology supposes him to have been always her slave, until delivered by Christ.

The prevailing view among the Jews was very similar to that of Paul. Josephus ascribes no immortality to the first man, and even attributes to Adam and the patriarchs, of course subsequent to the Fall, an extraordinary wisdom, and acquaintance with the arts and sciences. The Sibylline Oracles teach that man before he was tainted with sin enjoyed a long life, and his death was a falling to sleep. As a punishment for his wilfulness, however, he was subjected to a sterner law of death, and was doomed to Hades.

In the earliest Christian writers we find one or two very obscure hints of the doctrine that afterwards prevailed in the Church. Thus, according to the Clementine Recognitions, natural evils are introduced into the world through sin; but it was the sin of the angels, not of Adam. During eight generations, life was prolonged to a thousand years, and then nothing harmful existed. According to the Clementine Homilies, likewise, Nature is corrupted by the intercourse of the angels with the daughters of men; human life is shortened; poisonous beasts appear. Theophilus of Antioch deduces natural evil from the sins of mankind. And yet this same Theophilus teaches that Adam was only a child in Paradise, and that God refused him the fruit of the tree of knowledge because of his immaturity. In mercy he was expelled from the garden, and submitted to labor and sorrow that he might learn obedience. Clement of Alexandria maintains that Adam was not the perfect man, but was free and frail like his descendants. The story of Paradise is an allegory, explaining the genesis of evil in the soul. Origen considers Adam to have been in a state of childhood. The fall of man consisted in his mortal birth, in his leaving the heavenly paradise for an abode upon this imperfect globe. In the scheme of Origen, the death incurred is spiritual, not physical. The earlier fathers taught that man was created in the "image" and "similitude" of God; some referring "similitude" to the bodily shape, and "image" to the intellectual nature;

and others explaining the likeness to God, in its whole extent, of the intellectual nature, and of the dominion exercised over the lower orders in creation. All supposed Adam to have been *νήπιος*, childish, untaught. Irenæus and Tertullian are the first who attribute immortality to man before the Fall, and make death a subsequent physical necessity. And even this death Irenæus regards as a dispensation of mercy, to prevent man from sinning everlastingly. Such were the opinions of a few among the more prominent teachers. Others might be cited, until the list of writers was exhausted, and yet nothing at all corresponding to the later Protestant dogma would be found. The thought of that age was in its whole character dissimilar.

Views like those quoted above prevailed until the fifth century, when the Pelagian controversy elicited more exact opinions respecting the nature of the primeval man.

Pelagius and his disciples advanced views of man's original state far more moderate than any which had obtained previously. According to their notion, the first man was nothing more or less than the first man, — a common man, with no perfections of any kind. He had a capacity for excellence, and that was all. Sensual appetite and passion were natural to him, and active in him. His Eden was no glorious place of bliss: for he labored there, earning bread by the sweat of his brow; and his wife knew the pangs of childbirth, even as the animals did. In short, the British monk, in his whole treatment of this matter, proved himself possessed of good, sterling British common-sense. Augustine passionately opposed Pelagius, and met every one of his positions with flat denial. He contended that Adam had a perfect understanding, so that the most sagacious of after time could no more compare with him, than a tortoise could compare in swiftness with an eagle. His will was virtuous. It was only possible for him to sin; only possible for him to die. His body was of carnal material and required nourishment; but the fruit of the tree of life secured it against old age and death, and in time it was to be changed into an ethereal body. He was free from sensual desire, and sexual intercourse for him was without concupiscence. His life in Paradise was a condition of

perfect bliss. The very animals therein were immortal. There was no toil either of body or mind. "*Tantum ne libuit,*" exclaims Augustine in his fiery way, "*quietissimo beatorum loco, etiam in viris sudorem laboris immittere?*" And when Julianus speaks of the birth-pangs of animals, he breaks forth, "And did the animals ever tell you whether the sounds they utter are songs or moans? Certainly the parturient hens rather chant than lament." There were no babes in Eden. The new-born offspring had all their faculties, could walk and talk and reason. They never cried, never were sick, never were scratched or hurt by falling down; they needed not the rod nor the medicine-chest, but were the fac-simile of their parents in all respects. True, they were small from the necessity of the case; but then, if God could fashion a grown woman out of a little rib-bone, why might he not have caused the paradisiacal children to spring up instantaneously to their full size?

Of course, in a paradise like this, there was no evil of any sort. Gregory of Nyssa made but a commonplace remark, when he said that the beasts of prey ate grass there. It was a perfectly natural conclusion of Basilus, that the roses of Eden had no thorns. It was also a very just and very forlorn inference, that, had man continued for ever in this "happy state," there would have been no social ties, no sacred responsibilities or blessed cares, no sweet relations of mutual dependence and charity, which alone enrich life and adorn humanity. It was an unfortunate confession of St. Augustine, that the primitive man had a body of flesh which required physical nourishment. Later theologians of the school found that position beset with obvious difficulties. He who will consult the "Summa" of Thomas Aquinas, Pt. 1. quæst. 97, art. 3, and the works of Jacob Böhme (Three Principles, 10. 7; Aurora, 6. 22. 23), will not fail to discover how these were surmounted. It is enough for us to intimate that the orthodox fathers of the Christian Church could devise no method more satisfactory than that which Mahomet hit upon, to meet the necessities of his well-fed followers in Paradise. But even this was not the end. It is hard to stop the course of speculation. Scotus Erigena went a little further than his predecessors, and maintained that but for sin human nature

wouldⁿ never have been split into male and female; man would have been one, and the earth, like the angel-world, would have been peopled by emanations; no difference of stature, shape, or knowledge ever would have existed, "nor would the world have broken out into various sensible forms, and manifold diversities of its parts." Subtilities like these, however, in time brought confusion upon their inventors.

The doctrine of the Catholic Church was neither Pelagian nor Augustinian. It much more nearly resembled that of the earlier Fathers. It had been maintained that Adam was immortal through the special grace of God. The Catholic formularies teach that his "original justice" was due wholly to this supernatural aid. The primitive man, they say, was created with a pure and spotless nature, human in every respect, but innocent and harmonious in all its parts. By nature he was endowed with free-will, a sign of imperfection, and had only the capacity of knowing and loving God. By Divine grace he became "just and holy," and lived in blessed communion with himself and with his Maker. He was immortal in body and mind. His faculties and impulses were in full accord with God's will, nor ever once threatened rebellion. Adam through his transgression forfeited that gift of supernatural grace by virtue of which he enjoyed immortality and communion with God, and fell back upon the original substance of his nature. The harmony of his constitution was disturbed; free-will was weakened; the sensual appetites broke loose; he became subject to decay and death, and to all the infirmities and ills that originate in disordered passions; both soul and body deteriorated. This his sinful and feeble condition was transmitted to his posterity. The Catholic fathers had too fine a sense of truth and propriety to indulge themselves in the details of speculation, often absurd and disgusting, in which their opponents took delight. There is a delicate reserve in their statements, as of men who would not say more than was actually necessary. But no obscurity hides their meaning. From the condition of man after the Fall, according to the Church doctrine, we may infer his condition before the Fall. And here we cannot forbear quoting a beautiful passage from St. François de Sales, which we find in Möhler's "Vindication of his Symbol-

ism against Dr. Baur." The language freely translated runs thus:—

"Among the partridges it often happens that some steal eggs from others, and brood over them, either from a desire to become mothers, or in their stupidity mistaking strange eggs for their own. And now—singular but well-attested fact—the partridge thus hatched, and nurtured under the wings of a stranger bird, on first hearing the cry of its true mother, who had laid the egg, leaves the thievish partridge and flies to its parent, following her by the attraction of its origin,—through a sympathy which had lain dormant in the depths of its nature until it had found its object,—but which, when suddenly aroused, impels the bird's appetite towards its first duty. So is it with the human heart. For though it be nurtured and brought up among things corporeal, base, and transitory,—under the wings of nature, so to speak,—nevertheless, at the first look it directs towards God, at its first reminiscence, the natural and original inclination to love him, which was latent and imperceptible, awakens in an instant, and leaps forth like a spark from the ashes."

Such being the posture of the soul in its fallen state, we may judge wherein consisted the perfection of the first man before he was stolen from his heavenly parent, and how far the Catholic doctrine is from asserting that man is the slave of nature, or was ever by his own right its lord. Indeed, this doctrine, so cautiously discriminated, need not conflict with the inference which science draws respecting the primitive man's condition. For although the Church is careful to say that Adam never wanted the Divine grace, that it was his from the beginning, still it supposes him, as a natural man, to have been no more perfect than others. He fell *into* his natural condition, rather than *from* it. This is but a single instance of the wonderful sagacity displayed by the Romanist theologians.

While the Catholic Church stood discreetly between Augustine and Pelagius, the Protestants accepted the doctrine of Augustine, and carried it out to even more extravagant results. They ascribed to Adam a more entire perfection than Augustine had ever dreamed of. The Protestants—we speak of them as one body, for the points wherein the several schools disagree are of no moment to us here—contended that the primitive man was by nature and essentially perfect. By the original

law of his being he knew and loved divine things, was holy, religious, and in complete concurrence with God. If we remember that the depth of depravity after the Fall corresponded with the height of elevation before it, and that the subsequent misery balanced the original peace, we can easily construct for ourselves from the Protestant idea of the "blissful Eden" that of the "corrupt world."

From this point — strictly speaking, from the time of Martin Luther — commences the reign of that singular theory, which affirms man to have been first the lord and then the slave of nature; which unequivocally declares that in his fall he plunged the beautiful world back into chaos. Having no space to dwell upon the history of this astonishing tenet, we will briefly illustrate its character by calling to witness one or two of its professors. The relation supposed by the Protestant theologians to exist between the sin of Adam and natural evils, is familiar to all dwellers in New England. Jacob Böhme represents the later mystics. We quote from the *Aurora*, ch. 18. 7. 9, a passage illustrating his view: —

"So also it is very clear and manifest that before the curse there grew not such venomous thorns and thistles and poisonous fruits; and if God had not cursed the earth, then no beast should have been so fierce and evil. From whence now is also arisen the disobedience of the beasts towards man, and their wildness, as also that they are so fierce and evil, and that man must hide himself from their fierce rage; whereas God in the creation gave all into his power; all beasts of the field should be in subjection under him, which now is quite contrary; for man is become a wolf to them, and they are lions against him."

From the heart of old Germany we pass to the centre of modern England. From the poor cobbler of Gorlitz, who could barely read and write, to the imperial Milton, nursed in universities and redolent of learning and culture. Stronger statement of the Augustinian theory can scarcely be found than occurs in the *Paradise Lost*. Josephus, in common with the rabbins of his nation, believed that the serpent which tempted Eve was a common snake, at that time furnished with legs and a tongue. Milton does no outrage to common sense like this, but he makes the serpent stand upright and move towards Eve.

" Not with indented wave
 Prone on the ground, as since ; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered,
 Fold above fold, a surging maze ! his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes."

When Virgil tells us that at the sin of Dido and Æneas the earth trembled, the heavens blazed with lightning, and the nymphs howled on the mountain-tops, we admire the fine imagination of the poet. But it is Milton, the theologian, who describes in similar, but more terrific language, the convulsion that followed the first sin : —

" Earth felt the wound ; and Nature, from her seat
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost."

It was Milton, the theologian, chanting in noble verse the gloomy and irrational doctrines of his Puritan brethren, who could write such lines as these : —

" At that tasted fruit,
 The sun, as from Thyestæan banquet, turned
 His course intended ; else how had the world,
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat !
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
 Like change on sea and land ; sideral blast,
 Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt, and pestilent.
 Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord, first
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy :
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish : 'to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devoured each other ; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him ; or with countenance grim
 Glared on him passing."

Carnal desire, with all its consequences, pain, decay, and inward unrest, follow the first transgression. A devilish will works its pleasure over and through the earth. The very poles of the globe are turned askance

" twice ten degrees and more
 From the sun's axle."

Such was the belief of Milton at this stage of his life. Such the Protestant faith, save among a few despised sectarians and heretics. It has fully expressed itself in the form of dogmatics, mysticism, and poetry. But it is not yet a faith of the past. It is still the prevalent belief of New England at least. More insidiously, but

not less positively, the theologian states it in doctrine, prints it in his book, and utters it in his discourse. The mystic Swedenborgian ineffectually tries to make it another thing, through his doctrine of correspondences; not concealing from us his conviction that the material universe would present a very different aspect now had the primitive man retained the image in which he was created, yet kindly disguising it by speaking of types that existed eternally in the mind of God, and not of ills that resulted accidentally from the wilfulness of man. The poets, however, have discarded it. Since Milton, no one has undertaken to set this creed to music.

We think it has, to say the least, been made to appear probable, that the vulgar theory respecting man's relation to nature finds no countenance in the Bible, none in the earliest traditions of the Church, or in the opinions of the first Christian theologians. It was of comparatively late origin. It was the offspring of controversy. It grew out of intellectual tendencies peculiar to Christianity. Strictly speaking, we cannot say that it was devised for the purpose of laying a broad basis for a supernatural scheme of Redemption. It was rather an inference from that scheme. It proceeded in St. Augustine from a metaphysical and speculative turn of mind, stimulated by an intense desire to account for the origin of evil, and to escape from the Manichæan doctrine of two original opposing Powers. The primitive man was thenceforth taken out of history entirely. He was a philosopheme; a metaphysical postulate; a theological deduction. He was the personification of an hypothesis. He was an assumption stated in the form of biography. He was the creature of the theologian's brain, which constructed him *a priori*, adding to his figure this or the other trait as the urgency of controversy demanded. That such was the method followed seems to be confessed by Dr. Möhler, when he says: "In determining man's original state, we must especially direct our view to the renewal of the fallen creature in Christ Jesus; because, as regeneration consists in the reëstablishment of our primeval condition, and this transformation and renewal is only the primitive creation restored, the insight into what Christ hath

given us back, affords us the desired knowledge of what in the origin was imparted to us."

The received theory respecting man and nature supposes that both were created perfect, and afterwards deteriorated, until the time of Christ. It assumes a causal connection between moral and natural evil; Nature became corrupted because man was corrupt. It sends its professors abroad over the whole earth in search of ugliness and misery. It rejoices, like the ill-omened owl, in the night side of nature. With dreadful satisfaction, it contemplates deformity and convulsion, flood, earthquake, volcano, wilderness, tempest, pestilence, bird and beast of prey, monsters, venomous reptiles, poisonous insects, pain, disease, blight, hereditary deformity, hereditary vice, the ills of the individual and the derangements of society, all evil and all infirmity, as the manifest signs of wrath, the legitimate result of human depravity. And to this length the theory must go. The question now arises, How does this hypothesis accord with the facts of science? To this point let us briefly address ourselves.

If this theory of original perfection and subsequent fall were true, we should expect to find nature most barren and disfigured where man is most degraded. But the reverse of this is notoriously the case. In the glowing region of the tropics Nature exhibits her most powerful, affluent, and brilliant energy of life. There are the varied and luscious fruits. There is the luxuriant shrubbery. There are the enormous trees, "a single tree a garden." There are the gorgeous plants in thousands of species. Birds, insects, reptiles, display every form of grace, every shape of beauty, every splendid and delicate hue. But it is in this clime especially that man is found in his lowest condition. It is in this clime that his figure more nearly resembles the animal, and his instincts bring him into fellowship with the brute. "In India, where physical life attains the utmost limits known to our earth, the indigenous man is a black." In sunny lands like these, man, exempt from the "curse" of labor, becomes indolent and luxurious. The slave of his passions, his nobler powers are unemployed; he has cunning instead of wisdom, and superstition instead of faith.

On the other hand, the human species has made the

greatest advance towards mental and moral development in the temperate regions, where Nature, not niggardly, but frugal, compelled man to labor for a comfortable subsistence; where the varied climate stimulated all the activities of the frame, and in creating wants unfolded capacities. The very character of Nature's bounty suggested effort. The Asiatic balms and spices and delicious fruits did not afford to man nourishment, but made him enterprising in commerce. In Nature the law of perfection is physical. In man the law of perfection is moral. The moral and physical do not develop themselves side by side. In power of conquest and civilization compare North and South America; compare Europe with Africa; the isles of Greece with the isles of the Pacific. In point of spiritual attainment, compare the Northern with the Southern nations; the German with the Mexican, the Anglo-American with the Brazilian. The friends of the theory we are criticizing regard the Roman Catholic religion as sensual, idolatrous, and degrading. Yet this faith has always found easy access to the natives of the tropical regions, where Nature puts on her most glorious beauty, while Protestantism has collected its disciples among the races of the less genial and benignant North. Facts like these place the theory we are examining in an uncomfortable dilemma.

Again, the naturalist assures us that animals which the theologian has ever regarded as the types of man's most hideous corruption, — such as the lion, tiger, hyena, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, orang-outang, — are the highest types of the animal creation; while the ounce and jaguar, the tapir, pecari, and armadillo, the harmless llama and sportive monkey, exhibit the lowest grades of development in their several species. Moreover, since ugliness of shape is so often mentioned as a mark of depravity by theologians, how comes it that some of the most hideous-looking animals have been the most inoffensive? The huge mastodon, whose picture makes the children tremble, was a miserable vegetarian, a feeder upon roots and aquatic plants. The enormous megatherium, with a thigh-bone three times as large as an elephant's, a pelvis five feet wide, and grinders seven inches long, was a poor mixture of sloth, armadillo, and ant-eater, with claws like a mole's, suitable for scratching up roots from the earth. The formidable dinotherium, a monstrous

and sinister-looking beast, with tusks and proboscis, an incarnation apparently of the seven cardinal sins, was nothing else than a great tapir, that ate herbs and went to sleep by the marshes. Perhaps, however, there was method in Nature's madness. She may have thought it poor economy to allow to the same creatures beauty and goodness.

But the most fatal objection to the common theory respecting this causal connection between Nature and man, is found in the very obvious fact, that all the signs of corruption in the natural world, in their most extreme forms, existed ages before man appeared upon the globe. The preadamite earth was grim, gloomy, and deadly to the last degree. The sulphureous epochs, the eras of earthquake, flood, submersion, volcano, hurricane, subterranean fire, atmospheric convulsion, were drawing to a close before the human race was formed. Previous to his creation there were forty deluges and eruptions to one since. The surface of the globe was a rocky waste. Tempests vexed the air. Streams of fire ran along the ground. Oceans poured over the land, submerging continents and sweeping away whole tribes of animated beings. The most hideous monsters abounded. What a compound of wickedness was the ichthyosaurus, with the general shape of a fish, the head and breastbone of a lizard, fins of a whale, beak of a porpoise, and teeth of a crocodile! What a demonstration of iniquity was the plesiosaurus, with head like a lizard, teeth like a crocodile, neck resembling the body of a serpent, trunk and tail of the proportions of a quadruped, and four paddles like those of turtles! What shall we say of the iguanodon, that enormous lizard, one hundred feet long, with a limb seven feet in circumference? He ought to have been one of the earliest products of original sin. And then the pterodactyl! His appearance would indicate that he was the first to bear the brunt and wrench of man's transgression. He was the homeliest part of every creature crushed into one gigantic shape. The bird gave him his head and neck, the bat his wings, the crocodile, whose beauty figures largely in all these compositions, his snout, and with all this he had a long fore-finger terminating in a hook. This horrible creature would sit upon trees during the lonely night, with his wings folded, or would hop dismally about, like a huge bird.

The quarries of Oeningen, near Constance, furnished the bones of a gigantic aquatic salamander, which a German physician by the name of Scheuchzer declared must belong to a fossil man, one of the "cursed race which was overwhelmed by the deluge." But no: such monstrosities did not long coexist with man. Kindly Nature for the most part had finished her rough experiments in creation, had despatched her more coarse and clumsy work, before the time for his appearing; and when his nobler form came well moulded from her hand, she was already clearing away the old rubbish, and burying it under the mountains. Animals of ferocious habits existed ages before the creation of man. There were fishes that "were furnished with long palates, and squat, firmly based teeth, well adapted for crushing the strong-cased zoöphytes and shells of the period, fragments of which occur in the fœcal remains; some with teeth, that, like the fossil sharks of the later formations, resemble lines of miniature pyramids, larger and smaller alternating; some with teeth sharp, thin, and so deeply serrated that every individual tooth resembles a row of poniards set up against the walls of an armory; and these last, says Agassiz, furnished with weapons so murderous, must have been the pirates of the period. Some had their fins guarded with long spines, hooked like the beak of an eagle; some with spines of straighter and more slender form, and ribbed and furrowed longitudinally, like columns; some were shielded by an armor of long points, and some thickly covered with glistening scales."

What will the theory under consideration do with such facts as these? Did the sin of Adam exert a reflex influence, convulsing Nature with impetuous recoil? Did it resolve the Kosmos back into chaos? Did it change the shape and dimension of continents, their elevation and structure? Did it scoop out new basins for the oceans, altering their contour and depth? Did the whisper of Eve, and Adam's mild assent, so agitate the powers of the air that the various climates of the globe, which have so much to do with modifying the forms of life, were reconstructed? Did the disobedience of Adam's will abrogate the law of creation, and compel the earth to begin its career anew with the oceanic epoch? No less potent a spell will account for the un-

deniable facts that lie on the very surface of investigation. Or perhaps, inasmuch as Adam's sin was foreseen and foreordained, the world was, at the outset, made conformably crooked. The Creator, wishing that all his works should be pervaded by a spirit of uniformity, and knowing that the primitive man would introduce discord, kindly consented to make the whole discordant from the beginning, like the chief musician, who, to humor a tuneless old king, scraping his tuneless fiddle, commanded the whole orchestra to put their instruments into the same jangling condition, that his silly old majesty's ears might not be annoyed. On this supposition, which we believe to be seriously entertained by some, the distance between the effect and the cause was so immense, that the former was wellnigh spent before the latter arrived. The world was beginning to recover from the shock before it was felt. A portentous illustration, truly, of the saying, that "coming events cast their shadows before." And what a fantastic Deity is this, who was not only powerless to prevent his creature from sinning, but graciously accommodated himself to his obliquity by twisting his whole creation awry!

And if the facts of Nature thus flatly contradict this prevailing theory, the sentiment of Nature is, if possible, yet more opposed to it. The sentiment of Nature is always pure, peaceful, consoling, invigorating to the heart and soul. Nature rebukes baseness, passion, and complaint. The more refined the spirit, the more refining is her influence. Yes; even in her waste places, among lonely mountains, amid leafless forests, upon the wide expanse of desert, dwells the sanctifying spirit of God. It was a true instinct that led the ancient anchorets to the caverns in the wilderness, for there was peace. In the deep solitude they found a more blessed companionship; when Nature did nothing, God did all. The invalid retires to the bleak hills and to the wild sea-shore for health. The weary heart will leave the fragrant bower and the humming bees, finding more rest on the tossing waters, moaning and melancholy, or in the gloomy recesses where the torrent tumbles down the ravine, and the rent rocks are wasting away with their green mould and trickling moisture. Where we are most alone, we are most with God. Natural imperfection the result of

moral evil! Nay, rather it is a part, and by no means a doubtful part, of the Divine beneficence. It is fraught with hope, not with despair. So is all evil. So is pain and disease, and toil and decay. Ay, so is death,—death which the great Apostle regarded as the peculiar curse. No wonder that he so regarded it, associating with it the gloomy under-world of shadowy and forsaken existence. But death as a law of nature is merciful. God be praised for death! Never was it ordained as punishment for sin, but rather, we might conjecture, as a reward for virtue. It enlarges mortal homes. It transfigures human affections. It brings the beatific vision to our darkened sight. It takes away the body that it may reveal the soul. Death is hope to the discouraged, and rest to the weary and heavy laden, and kindly warning to the reckless and passionate. Death promises an end to pain, and misery, and temptation, and sin. It promises a new and auspicious beginning to faith and virtue. The gift of immortality is the gift of death.

If any theory may be considered as exploded, this may be,—that the disorders in the natural world bear witness to corruption in man, or are in any way the consequents of sin. But what does Nature teach in regard to man's condition? To this question none but a general answer can be given. It is difficult to obtain an accurate report of facts. The scientific men are not purely scientific. There is a theological taint upon most of them. The popularity of Hugh Miller's works is due almost as much to their Orthodoxy as to their science. They are Calvinistic treatises in a very transparent disguise. From the "Footprints of the Creator" alone, we could extract edifying matter enough for a long sermon. The bitterness of the *odium theologicum*, which we fear has more than any thing else commended his refutation of the "Vestiges," weakens the power of that refutation with candid men. What are we to think of a scientific writer who makes no secret of assuming the cardinal points of the Calvinistic scheme; contrasts the "Adam of the infidel" with the "Adam of the poet and theologian, independent, in his instantaneously derived perfection, of all after development"; talks of a "lapsed race, which at their first introduction were placed on higher ground than that on which they now stand, and sank by their own act";

discovers in the rocks confirmation of the text respecting "the Lamb slain from the foundations of the world"; dwells on "that moral gravitation towards evil manifested by the only two classes of responsible beings of which there is aught known to man," — one of which we presume to be "that higher race of which this much we at least know, that they long since separated into two great classes, that of 'elect angels,' and of angels that kept not their first estate"! What reliance can be placed even upon the observations of a scientific man, who in the very centre of his book inserts a long chapter on "The Progress of Degradation"? In this episode of the "Footprints," Mr. Miller expatiates with "awful mirth" upon the "aberrant and mutilated" forms of the animal types; "sheep with their forelegs growing out of their necks, ducklings with their wings attached to their haunches," — "the footless serpent which goeth upon its belly," whose "ill-omened birth took place when the influence of its house was on the wane, as if to set a stamp of utter hopelessness on its fallen condition." He instances the poison-bag of the venomous snake as a mark of degradation, and derives immense satisfaction from contemplating the abnormal shapes and inverted development of the "ichthyic tail." The flounder affords him a great deal of encouragement, the poor creature being twisted over upon its side, and accordingly having a horizontal tail, squint eyes, a wry mouth, and an asymmetrical head, with a single polyphemus eye-orbit in the middle of the front part. But we can give no analysis of this extraordinary chapter. Should any of our readers, however, be in search of some grim amusement, we can assure them that they will not be disappointed in Mr. Miller's "geologic history of the ichthyic tail."

Even the author of those truly beautiful lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, Professor Guyot, indulges too often in a strain of preaching which is neither inductive nor seductive, and which impairs the tone of scientific sincerity, while it obscures the thought. Behind many a noble sentence a theological doctrine seems to be lurking. —

Moreover, whether owing to preconceived religious opinions or not we will not pretend to judge, the scientific men are not apparently of one mind in regard to

geological facts. Thus, Mr. Miller says: "We know that the several dynasties were introduced, not in their lower, but in their higher forms;—that, in short, in the imposing programme of creation, it was arranged as a general rule, that in each of the great divisions of the procession, the magnates should walk first. We recognize further the fact of degradation specially exemplified in the fish and the reptile."* M. Guyot, on the other hand, speaking of the formation of continents, and the state of things at the Silurian epoch, says: "In each class, from the Radiates to the fishes, which are the highest beings of this primitive creation, the prevailing forms are those that characterize the embryo in the early periods of its development."† And Agassiz expresses himself with still more emphasis. His opinion is, that "these earlier types are embryonic in their character,—that is to say, that they are not only lower in their structure, when compared with the animals now living upon the surface of our globe, but that they actually correspond to the changes which embryos of the same classes undergo during their growth. *This was first discovered among fishes*, which I have shown to present in their earlier types characters which agree in many respects with the changes which young fishes undergo within the egg."‡ Here the Calvinistic *savant* is flatly contradicted upon a point which is of the highest importance to his view of Nature's development, and contradicted by the first authority in his department. In such a case, our judgment does not halt between two opinions.

We are safe in saying that all the fundamental principles bearing upon our present inquiry are by this time fully established. It may now be regarded as an axiom in science, that the law of creation has been a law of development. Progress is the law of life; progress, not even, uniform, and rectilinear, but steady and constant; progress from feeble and rude beginnings onward. Upward, not downward, has been the tendency of Nature from the commencement. One by one, continents and islands were upheaved, and the ocean basins formed. Slowly the climates were constituted. The lower forms

* Footprints, p. 235.

† Earth and Man, p. 88.

‡ Lectures on Comparative Embryology, p. 27.

of vegetable existence were the earliest. The inferior degrees of animal life invariably preceded the superior. First came the Mollusks, Crustacea, Radiates, and fishes; next, the reptiles and birds; after these, the mammiferous quadrupeds in all their variety; and lastly, man. The lower precedes the higher. This is the now universally conceded law in the natural world.

To this law the human race is submitted. As the oldest animals of any class corresponded to their lower types as now existing, so the primitive man corresponded to the lower form of his species as existing at the present day. In other words, man began at the beginning, and was at first undeveloped. We do not say that he was a monkey, or a Hottentot, or that he was physically imperfect. The highest type of the human race might have been created first. Not a few eminent naturalists are of this opinion. At all events, man must have been formed physically perfect. He must have been capable of giving birth to men. In other respects, he could not have been other than a child, whose intellectual and spiritual nature was dormant. This is admitted by those who contend that the pure and perfect type was created first in Central Asia, and that the inferior races are corruptions of the original. The primeval man might have belonged to the perfect race, but he could not have been a perfect man; he could have been only the germ and possibility of the perfect man, seeking his growth in the future. Touching the earliest condition of the human species on the earth, geology teaches us nothing. History gives no certain information. If, as is extremely probable, the surface of the globe has undergone terrific convulsions since the appearance of man upon it, then the date of his origin is thrown back ages upon ages beyond the oldest mark of civilization; and we can only infer his primitive state from reason and analogy. According to such reason and analogy, this state must have been very low indeed; a "state of nature" in the meanest sense. With animal organization alone developed, ignorant, unintelligent, unconscious of spiritual faculties or a spiritual destiny, he must have passed a fearful and precarious life among the yet lingering saurians and huge crashing ruminants of the elder world. We state the truth in the mildest form. Some insist that the first man was the

next step above the orang-outang; that he was hardly distinguishable from the brutes; that his very corporeal structure was coarse and misshapen. We will leave this opinion alone. We will suppose that the first man was the progenitor of the noblest race, born in that temperate clime which has always been the seat of the most advanced civilization, thought, and religion; nay, more, we will grant that his stature was full, and his frame well proportioned; — still, we maintain, in the language of Arnold Guyot, that “the physical man, however admirable may be his organization, is not the true man; he is not an aim, but a means; not an end, but a beginning. The law of development is the law of man.”

Nature is imperfect. Every product of Nature is imperfect. There is no perfect flower, or shrub, or tree. Men have found it possible “to paint the lily and throw a perfume on the violet,” — to educate the rose and train the forest-tree to nobler beauty. Nature exhibits to us nothing but experiments. Her finest fruits are but the tentative efforts of the creative will. Nothing is as fair as it might be, not from being polluted, but from being immature. There is no corruption in Nature. Her very deformities and chasms are full of hope and beneficence. There is mercy in the flame and flood and earthquake. But for poisonous gases, the flinty rocks would never be clothed with verdure. Coal-beds exhibit the relics of ancient and decayed vegetation. Had there been no convulsions of the earth, there would be no dry land, no hills, therefore no rains, no rivers; of course, then, no vegetation. The earth’s crust would be reduced to a horizontal plain, and chaos would have been perpetual. Volcanic eruptions aid in the formation of the earth; bring copper, silver, and platinum within the reach of man; create porphyry, marble, and the finer species of stone, and expose the priceless wealth of the mineral kingdom. So far as the properties of things are known, they are merciful. Science has as yet discovered nothing malignant in its nature. Its researches penetrate but more profoundly into the benignity of God. What in olden times was loathed and dreaded, on inquiry proves itself to be endowed with the kindest intent. Grant that we cannot see the use or the beauty of spiders, cobras, and earwigs; grant that the sculpin and the flounder,

and all the attributes of "the ichthyic tail" are disagreeably suggestive; allow that the cactus might have a more comely stem; even admit the mosquito to be a nuisance;—what then? Must there be a devil in nature? Will nothing serve us but the belief that the natural world is all distorted and depraved? Why things are imperfect, no man can say. Imperfect they certainly are. Corrupt they certainly are not. Upon the most revolting and ghastly phenomena, hope is inscribed, never despair. Every fact which the orthodox theologian brings forward in evidence of a primeval curse, may be interpreted as prophesying a future blessing.

Man likewise, following the analogy of Nature, is imperfect; not evil, nor corrupt, nor depraved, but imperfect. The very word *ἀμαρτία*, which we translate "sin," means failure, want of success. It is the missing of a mark, the missing of a road. Man fails of his purpose, he goes astray. His nature is as yet untaught. He exhibits only the crude, harsh elements of a spiritual being. He needs time and space for development. He needs education. His turbulent passions, fantastic desires, destructive will, and blind groping affections, his love of self, his violences and animosities, his lurking wiles and stinging spite and crawling lust, his blasting rage and withering jealousy, his barrenness of heart and flinty hardness of soul,—all the humors and vices and unlovely traits that are in him,—argue a nature chaotic, not corrupt; unenlightened, not depraved. They are not proofs of actual sin, but rather indications of ideal righteousness. They do not refer us to a past transgression. They point us onward to a coming glory. The primitive epochs of the soul are marked by convulsions which prepare the atmosphere for serener and holier life. The sturdy common sense of men recognizes this law of advance daily. The boy's tempestuous will is the man's calm power. The stormy passions that now menace shipwreck, will by and by be steady gales of motive force, bearing on the heavily freighted vessel as the trade-wind of the Pacific swept the first navigator, Magellan, round the world. The greedy craving for possession exhibits to us in its most corruptible form the love of knowledge, and even the hunger and thirst after righteousness. The child's de-

structiveness reveals the impatient curiosity that shall one day explore and reconstruct. Eradicate that within us that lusts for pleasure, and you make impossible the prayer for blessedness. Extinguish the rage of ambition, and you quench that divine zeal which burns and aspires after an immortal glory. Man is full of imperfections. He is outgrowing them. As he feels his responsibility, he detests them. But still every part of his nature is rude and incipient. The bands of earth are about him. Ignorance is imperfection of understanding. Perversity is imperfection of reason. Indifference, malice, cruelty, are imperfections of heart. Injustice is imperfection of conscience. Idolatry and superstition are imperfections in the religious sentiment. Man gropes and blunders. His infirmity subjects him to temptation. Through infirmity he falls. Transgression is error. Vice is crudity. War, cannibalism, slavery, are the nonsense of a gigantic baby. The monsters of the species, the Genghis Khans, the Suwarrows, the tyrants, murderers, profligates, and man-stealers, with the whole brood of lustful self-seekers, correspond to the unsightly saurians and vast, ungainly ruminants of the older geological epochs. In the development of mankind, the crustacean miser, the cold-blooded, bleary-eyed sceptic, the golden-winged lady, the tenacious conservative or "foggy," the wily deceiver, the man of animal might and rage, hold a place precisely analogous to that of the Crinoids, fishes, insects, Mollusks, reptiles, and beasts in the order of nature. Man is crude, not corrupt. He suffers from no fracture. He exhibits no sign of depravity or lapse.

This view of man does not try to conceal or palliate the heinousness and hideousness of imperfection and crudity. If it declares that evil is imperfection, it as emphatically declares that imperfection is evil. It does not wish to eradicate the feeling of moral indignation. It would rather bring within the range of that feeling emotions and conduct that are commonly reckoned venial. It would practically make heavier, rather than lighter, the sense of guilt, by attaching a solemn responsibility to foibles and defects long deemed indifferent; by making it a religious duty to be perfect, even as the Father in heaven is perfect. No moralist or divine has ever described vice and wickedness in adequate language, even

as no geologist has ever given us a true picture of the grotesque monstrosities and frightful abortions of the oölite, cretacean, and tertiary systems. We demand that the theologian shall paint ignorance, folly, nonsense, passion, sensuality, violence, lust, so that we may see them in all their disgusting proportions and recognize them as detestable; even as we demand of the naturalist that he shall make us feel the length of the iguanodon, and cause us to shudder at the horrible conformation of the pterodactyl. Crookedness of nature is no less abominable when we call it imperfection than when we name it sin. Incompleteness is as detestable as depravity, when recognized as unfaithfulness to the laws of being. The chaos which precedes creation is as gloomy and wild, as a cursed and blackened cosmos. Actuated by the love of perfection, we will work as hard to make the fool wise, as another, moved by the dread of wrath, will work to make the sinner godly. It is worth as many prayers and tears to add another virtue to the good, as to snatch the damned from perdition. To finish a saint is as noble and inspiring a task as to convert a reprobate. Admit the sadness and shame of imperfection. Allow the misery, ay, call it guilt if you please, of stupidity and error, — we must call it guilt, and *feel* it guilt, if we are conscious of our full obligation to God, — still, imperfection is full of hope. It speaks of glory, not of defeat. It suggests a coming beauty, not a beauty that faded centuries ago. The law which passes along qualities from father to son through successive generations is not, as many and most seem to think, a law of decline, dragging downwards, but a law of improvement urging upwards.

✓ If we may believe the testimony of science, Nature is the mother of the primeval man-child. She groans and travails in pain, continually, until the celestial offspring is born. The whole structure of man, corporeal and mental, was originally determined by the character of his birthplace, by the position and conformation of the land, by the temperature of the climate, by all the qualities of the earth and the air. His situation, whether in a polar, temperate, or tropical region, decided his race, and with his race all his characteristics. His destiny as to color, shape, size, direction of power, rested with the Indian or

the Asiatic clime. Nature supplied man with a basis for his activity, stimulus for his energy, material for labor. She educated his senses, developed his organs, furnished him with language, inspired him with thought, fed and unfolded his sense of beauty, taught him wonder and worship through her awful mountains and silent stars; moulded his rough conscience into some uncouth shape of fidelity and rectitude by the pressure of her inexorable law; by her limitless horizon and the deeps of the blue ether, awoke within him a vague sense of infinity; and through the wild forces that grimly sported with him, through the mysterious but significant phenomena which took an ominous interest in his affairs, through the solemn, presageful order of day and night, seed-time and harvest, blight and bloom, and through the unspoken benignity of sunlight and showers, hinted to him the dim and indefinite, the shuddering, smiling thought of God.

In ages primeval, so the geographer tells us, the infant man submitted to the fixed parental authority of Nature. He was timidly subjected to her absolute will. He acknowledged the powers of nature as his gods, to whose mercy he felt himself to be committed, and accepted for his supreme rule the inflexible law which governed the heavenly bodies. The oldest relics of civilization are mementos of man's bondage under the physical world. Painfully did he emancipate himself from the kindly but oppressive servitude. In Oriental Brahminism and Buddhism we behold his first desperate struggle for freedom. In Greece the intellect burst forth with noble, exultant energy. Man's æsthetic nature rejoiced there in a perfect festival of beauty. The old limestone assumed forms of grace. Nature's iron laws were twined with garlands. The ruling sun was a generous hero. Merry nymphs and dryads laid their spells upon the elements, and illumined with their gayety the awful woods. Conscious thought and imagination and feeling began to impose their laws upon the material world. It was the old fable realized, of Europa crowning the bull Jupiter. The rugged Socrates, proud in the liberty of reason, consecrated himself to the work of delivering his countrymen from the servitude of earthly passion and animal desires. He revealed to man the freedom of his intelligence and will.

Glorious Plato proved the capacity of human thought to soar beyond the contemplation of visible things into the realm of pure speculation, and to entertain ideas of God and the soul, unmixed with the grossness and untrammelled by the limitations of time and space. Imperial Aristotle, calm and wise, sat in serene judgment upon Nature, surveyed her forms, weighed her forces, collated and classified her phenomena, questioned her methods, and with regal authority tried her works and ways by the laws of the human mind.

From this point commences man's lordship over Nature. From this point begins the history of free science, spontaneous order, and moral law. Man as an individual slowly emerged from a state of nature into a state of spiritual light and grace. Man as a community abolished hereditary castes and sacerdotal despotisms, and formed societies of freemen, with equal rights and privileges. Nature herself felt the beneficent change. The full-grown son now labors to adorn his ancient mother. The rocks are clothed with verdure,—the once sterile plain is covered with the golden corn. Like a generous steed the wild ocean bounds beneath his rider. The winds follow the navigator's boat. The distant star lights his way across the deep. The caverns of the earth move at his bidding, and lay their treasures at his feet. Every generation beholds the intellectual dominion of man enlarged. But still in all these ages the conquest is not made. Even yet the struggle often seems doubtful. While man appears outwardly to prevail over Nature, inwardly, it may be, Nature prevails over man, stimulating his appetites, and bringing his soul under the bondage of luxury and sloth. It is a close conflict between Nature and man, so long as he puts forth only his animal prowess and his terrestrial intelligence. Not until the soul of man is truly free, not until he lives for truth and justice and charity, not until his own earthly parts are delivered from the bondage of sense into the glorious liberty of the children of God, will Nature gladly confess herself his servant. Then, and not before, will she leap to do his bidding, sending her dove to light upon her anointed one, removing the nettle from his foot, and the beast from his path, and pouring upon him with gratitude her spontaneous fruits.

ART. VIII.—RICHARDSON'S MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.*

THERE is a melancholy interest attendant upon the perusal of these volumes, additional to the sombreness of much of their subject-matter. The manuscript journal from which the volumes are printed was sent from the heart of Africa, where the author gave up his life in sacrifice to the noble office of humanity that had called for such devoted efforts from him. He has left yet another honored name to be recorded among the heroic men who have fallen victims to an enterprise abounding in deprivations and perils. Mr. Bayle St. John, who has a high reputation on account of his own well-written and instructive books of Eastern travel, has performed the office of editor for Mr. Richardson's journal, though his modesty has withheld his name from the title-page. We have read the volumes with great care and feel rewarded by their perusal. Probably we could not have taken up a book,—even in these days when volumes which record the most distant journeyings are so abundant,—that would have called before our minds pictures and incidents so strange to us as does this. An explorer in Africa needs to do all but change his nature, and must feel sometimes as if he had passed into another planet. Water is the only article of life which remains the same to him; and even this is made by heat, sediment, impurity, and by its stale, fetid, or brackish character in different places where it is found at all, to be most unlike the pure, refreshing element, which is so copiously furnished to us. What sensations of disgust or discomfort are suggested by such sentences as these, which are gathered from the compass of two pages of Mr. Richardson's journal: "Many started in the night to get water, and give their animals a drink. There is but a small supply, and what there is has a muddy, chocolate color." "The last water we took up

* *Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa, performed in the Years 1850-51, under the Orders and at the Expense of Her Majesty's Government.* By the late JAMES RICHARDSON, Author of "Travels in the Great Desert of Sahara." London: Chapman & Hall. 1853. Two volumes. 12mo. pp. 343, 359.

from the valleys of Asben had a milky hue." "In summer, it must be very difficult for large caravans to obtain water from this well, for our people were full half a day filling four or five skins. What a blessing, nevertheless, is the existence of this well, for there is no water for three days farther." Then, too, the disuse of most of the kinds of food to which the constitution and the taste have become habituated, and the necessity of subsisting upon vegetables and fruits which may operate medicinally must be often a sore trial to an African traveller. Mr. Richardson frequently hints that he should feel better if he could have a meal of old English viands; but when, after a long deprivation, he partook of some bullock's meat, it affected him unpleasantly, while the chewing of it caused all his gums to bleed. To these trials are to be added those of scorching heat, and sharp, cutting sand-blasts; the disagreeable motion of the internal economy caused by riding upon a camel, the effect being like to that of sea-sickness; with the abundance of scorpions and other venomous reptiles. These are some of the annoyances which the African traveller must meet as a creature of flesh and blood.

Then the difficulties of communication by intelligible language in regions whose common speech is so unfamiliar to Europeans, and whose various dialects occasion constant perplexity, amount to such an annoyance as only the most persevering patience can mitigate. It is to be considered, too, that a traveller is on this account precluded from obtaining a large portion of the information that is most desirable to him. Different names are given to the same places by different tribes, and the most inquisitive traveller must be troubled in his attempts to construct itineraries from any central spot, embracing a list of villages lying in the radii of direction towards the capitals of different districts. A day's journey, which, on the average may be reckoned at twenty miles, must be made longer or shorter according to circumstances, the chief of these being the distance between places where there is browsing for camels, and water for man and beast. It is a well-known fact, that the inhabitants of these regions can and do exist for weeks together upon a few dates, and spend from three to five days tasting scarcely a morsel of any thing. A na-

tive never thinks his case desperate when he can pound the bleached bones of the carcass of a camel that has died in the desert, and can mix them into a cake with a few drops of blood drawn from over the eyes of his own living camel. What a touch of the desert there is in the following paragraph!

“One of the nagahs foaled this day, which partly accounts for our detention. For some time afterwards the cries of the little camel for its mother, gone to feed, distressed us, and called to our mind the life of toil and pain that was before the little delicate, ungainly thing. It is worth noticing, that the foal of the camel is frolicsome only for a few days after its birth, — soon becoming sombre in aspect and solemn in gait. As if to prepare it betimes for the rough buffeting of the world, the nagah never licks or carresses its young, but spreads its legs to lower the teat to the eager lips, and stares at the horizon, or continues to browse.” — Vol. I. pp. 35, 36.

Well may an explorer of these regions feel that he has entered upon a wholly new life, where all things wear a changed aspect, where his daily food, his speech, his apparel, his experiences, the scenery around him, and the views and customs of those with whom he associates, are wholly unlike to all that he has left behind him. The dreary desert must invest his thought with gloom and melancholy. Mr. Richardson writes: “All vegetation in the desert that is not perfectly new, seems utterly withered by time. There is scarcely any medium between the bud and the dead leaf. Infancy is scorched at once into old age.” Our traveller carried with him an absorbing sense of his dependence upon a good Providence to be led over his dangerous way. Though the editor tells us — without assigning any reason for it — that he has “omitted devotional passages” in various places of the journal, he has spared enough to show that Mr. Richardson was a Christian-hearted and a most religious-minded man.

Our traveller, prompted by humanity rather than by ambition, and acting only in a civil capacity, had made known to the British government through Lord Palmerston the object of his intended expedition, for which he asked such public patronage as would invest his enterprise with a diplomatic character. This object was to suppress the slave-trade with all its barbarities in Central

Africa, and thus to strike at that iniquity in the very heart of the region which it desolates, while other agencies are employed upon the coasts. To secure this object, Mr. Richardson well knew that he must substitute some legitimate commercial traffic in its place, and thus treaties of trade with the native princes of the interior became the subsidiary ends of his mission. He was successful in his application to government, and received such pecuniary and diplomatic aid as was necessary to advance his enterprise. He appears to have had the highest personal qualities of judgment, magnanimity, and intellectual attainment, as well as such experience as much travel and considerable intercourse with regions bordering on those he wished to penetrate could give him. His physical constitution was unequal to the trials to which it was subjected. He was in dread of the dysentery, and he fell a victim to the heat of the sun, from which he had previously suffered much.

Dr. Barth and Dr. Overweg, two Prussian gentlemen, volunteered to accompany Mr. Richardson as scientific observers, and were accepted by him. They had parted from him temporarily, shortly before his death, to make excursions aside from his main route, so that he yielded to the last summons uncheered by the presence of either of them. They pursued their explorations in and around Bornou; but Dr. Overweg, after laborious efforts in his enterprise, has recently died.

The party started from Tripoli on March 30, 1850. Their route was through the Great Sahara and the previously unexplored region of Aheer, or Asben, to Bornou, with whose Sultan they were to make a commercial treaty to be ratified by the Queen of England. Mr. Richardson, who daily jotted down the memoranda from which these volumes are printed, gives us a most graphic description of the caravan, of its human, its semi-human, and its non-human elements. He does not, indeed, offer an inventory of the goods which constituted the burdens of the camels, but from the incidental mention all along his route of the materials which constituted the presents made by him, or which were used to satisfy the extortionate rapacity of marauders who demanded black mail, we can infer that he had a well-selected cargo for "the ships of the wilderness." A boat had been constructed

for him in two parts, at the government dock-yards in Malta, for the navigation of Lake Tchad. It was found necessary to subdivide these two parts, so that they might be carried in strong nets by the camels. This boat reached its destination, — for what will not human ingenuity and patience accomplish, — and is now in possession of the Sultan of Bornou. Powder and shot, flags, tents, mattresses, rugs, a writing-table, potted soups (which, however, seem to have disappeared), medicines, paper, books, looking-glasses, toys, mock jewelry, large quantities of loaf-sugar, tea, coffee, champagne, and spirit, silks and calicoes, and sundry other commodities, were thus transported over the desert. From Tripoli, the route lay over the Hamadah, a dreary and difficult plateau, to Mourzuk, the capital of Fezzan. Here the British government is represented by a consul, in the person of Mr. Gagliuffi, a Levantine, with whose official and mercantile character Mr. Richardson does not seem to have been pleasantly impressed. He describes a transient stay in this melancholy and ruinous city of mud and straw, and gives us some anticipations of the annoyances and perils which beset him on his further way. He had left his wife at Tripoli, and he availed himself of each passing caravan on his route to send messages to her and his government.

The traveller's next stage led him across the plains of Fezzan to the Ghât country, a wild way, but still offering some interest in incident and scenery. As a constant connection is kept up between the state of Ghât and the northern coast of Africa, by caravans transporting slaves, elephants' teeth, dates, indigo, senna, and other articles of traffic, mercantile relations may be said to be there established, and an adventurer is comparatively safe. From the Ghât country, Mr. Richardson felt that his way was to be one of many difficulties and dangers. The wildest tribes of the interior of Africa are pagans, but a certain sort of Mussulmans lie between them and the northern and eastern coast. No Christian had ever before penetrated to the regions which Mr. Richardson succeeded in reaching. In one place he evidently felt that he was in fact a prisoner, and had but a faint hope that he would be allowed to leave it. As it is often well to know what others think of us, we will

extract a passage showing with what a holy horror Christians are regarded by some of the most indifferent disciples of the false prophet Mahomet: —

“From the report of Ibrahim, the Germans’ servant, it would seem that the people of Tintalous [where the party then were] believe that Christians eat human beings; and further, from what I hear, this strange prejudice possesses the minds of the lower classes in many countries of Soudan. Such are the opinions of the semi-barbarians of Africa respecting us and our boasted civilization! There is much to be done yet in the world, before mankind know one another, and acknowledge one another as brethren.” — Vol. I. pp. 333, 334.

To reach Soudan proper, Mr. Richardson took his course through the unexplored region of Aheer, on the southern border of Sahara. Constant alarms attended his way. It is surprising to note how soon news traverses even these wilderness regions. The report that three Christians were entering the country excited the barbarous tribes of Haghar or Azgher with various feelings. Some were anxious to assail the expedition for predatory purposes. Others imagined that the travellers were going “to write the country,” i. e. to make such observations as would facilitate an inroad for its subjugation. Under the name of “presents,” a desert synonyme for exactions, articles of use and finery were from time to time dispensed to the more troublesome acquaintances made along the route. A report of an intended attack had reached the ears of Mr. Richardson, and naturally caused him painful anxiety. Yet in the vicinity of the spot where it was expected, he makes this record: —

“Here we found our dates left by the Tanelkums [sent on ahead to relieve the burdens on the camels of the travellers] in the side of a mound of sand, with a piece of rotten wood stuck up to mark the place. Had they been, however, exposed by the side of the well, and a hundred caravans had passed, no one would have touched them. It is a point of honor to steal nothing thus confided in the desert. Mutual interest suggests mutual forbearance.” — Vol. I. pp. 187, 188.

The party passed safely through these perils, and reached Tintalous in the Aheer territory on the 4th of September, after having been once subjected to a severe

levy on their goods, a predatory act which Mr. Richardson determined should be redressed. At Tintalous, which seems to have been midway between a town and an encampment, he put himself under the protection of the Sheikh En-Noor, one of the chiefs or sultans of the Kailouee tribes. This dirty old beggar lived in a sort of shabby royalty, and seems to have been possessed of considerable shrewdness. One of the German gentlemen was employed as a physician to go to the mud palace for the relief of the royal consort, who had been pounded into a jelly by her lord because of the length of her tongue. Mr. Richardson was compelled, much against his will, to remain at Tintalous from September 4th to the end of November. He gives us most graphic and original descriptions of his forlorn state of life in this dreary abode. The chief incidents were visits to and from the Sheikh, who was old and rheumatic. At first his Highness was reserved and jealous, but at last he became familiar, and evidently conceived quite a liking for his visitor, and for his tea, coffee, and sugar. After Mr. Richardson had thus prepared the way, he thought it wise to secure in a commercial treaty the influence of a chief whose authority was paramount in Aheer. He therefore prepared a treaty on the part of the Queen, which he wrote in English, his interpreter putting it into Arabic, and having caused his intentions to be made known to En-Noor, and taking with him a sword, he proceeded to the palace with some anxiety. We may say in passing, that a similar treaty was entered into after Mr. Richardson's death, by his companions, with the Sultan of Bornou. We extract the account of the interview with En-Noor:—

“ We found the Sultan in company with half a dozen people ; he received us in a very friendly manner, and really seemed on this occasion to be what he professes to be,— the friend and consul of the English. I explained to him, that we certainly had this treaty ready for him, and intended to have presented it to him on our arrival ; but on account of our sufferings, and the robberies committed on us, and seeing the country in a state of revolution, I had no heart to present to his Highness any thing from the Queen of England. However, now that things were more settled, and as I saw there was authority in the country, I had much pleasure in proposing for his signature a treaty from our

government. At the same moment, as an incentive, I presented the sword (a small naval officer's sword, with a good deal of polished brass and gilding about it, of the value, at most, of five pounds). To my great satisfaction, his Highness accepted both treaty and present, with ardent manifestations of pleasure. He made me read the document in English, to hear the sound of our language ; and he also desired me to leave with him an English copy. This we did, with some explanation of the contents, in an Arabic letter on the back. We then took our copy in Arabic. The sword pleased him greatly, on account of its lightness, for he is an old man, not very strong ; and because it glittered with gold. We wrote the maker's name in Arabic, and gave directions to have it well preserved." — Vol. I. pp. 320, 321.

Mr. Richardson's detention at Tintalous was evidently tedious to him, but he beguiled the time by making such observations as the means within his reach afforded for learning the character of the people. His delay was protracted by the intention of En-Noor to accompany the Great Salt Caravan which annually goes from Bilma southward, through Aheer ; and as this arrangement seemed to afford the promise of some facilities to the traveller, he looked forward to it with anxiety. At length he resumed his journey under the escort of the old Sultan. His recognition of the associations of the Christmas festival on his way, shows something of the heart-sickness of a wanderer, and his devotional utterances are here allowed by the editor to appear in all their warmth. On the 11th of January, 1851, he parted with Drs. Barth and Overweg, who had undertaken to make some difficult journeys in lateral directions. The promise of correspondence, and the hope of a reunion after two months, were the only things to cheer Mr. Richardson, over whose mind was already creeping the presentiment of calamity. He never saw either of those gentlemen again. Some moments of depression he beguiled by reading Milton, of whose poems he carried with him a pocket edition. He expresses his regret that he had not a copy of Shakspeare. The uniform aspect of the villages which he passed, composed of beehive-shaped cabins of stone and mud, and filled with squalid inmates, soon wearied upon his eye, and he found relief in any thing which, like a poem or a drama, would draw his thoughts from Africa. His representations of the

state and the treatment of the women, though conveyed with a delicacy which proves his own high moral sense and principle, are almost too painful for perusal. From the remarks which constantly fall from him, it would appear that a good supply of medicines, especially of emetics and purgatives of a most violent character, would be the most suitable stock for all future explorers of Central Africa to take with them. Mr. Richardson was beset from morning to night with applicants for medical treatment, and what is the more remarkable, the greater number of them seemed to be in perfect health. They desired "something that would take hold of them." Any recommendation of a dietetic treatment, or of bathing, which would be gradual and slow in effecting any result, was distasteful to them. They regarded medicine as working like a charm, and wished to be conscious of its instantaneous operation. Epsom salts found especial favor. Our traveller speaks of having seen the castor-oil or castor-bean tree on his route, but he does not say whether its virtues were known to the natives.

After many tedious delays, Mr. Richardson reached Zinder, where he experienced considerable relief from his anxieties. The barbaric Sultan, Sarkee Ibrahim, received him very kindly. The presents which he brought were accepted with gratitude, and slight returns were made to him. He was now surrounded by those whose Mahometan faith sat more loosely upon them, and who consequently had not such a horror of an infidel as had the vagabonds in whose precious company the traveller had passed some nine months. But it was only in the sense of personal security, and in the sight of a richer luxuriance of the soil and its products, that Mr. Richardson found relief and more pleasurable experiences. The Sultan of Zinder was a sad specimen of the atrocious morals of the chiefs of Central Africa. He was overwhelmed with debts, which he was in the habit of discharging from time to time by hunting down the subjects of his own tributary sovereign.

Mr. Richardson's further progress was delayed while this barbarian went upon one of his inhuman expeditions, to cancel with the fruits of it the demands of some of his importunate creditors. He had three hundred wives, one hundred sons, and fifty daughters. We write of him

in the past tense, not knowing indeed but that he still flourishes in all his enormities; but the only relief, in being obliged to chronicle the doings of such fiends as this African chief, is in speaking of them as of things that were and are not now. Our traveller shall describe the scene which he saw when this scoundrel returned from his raid:—

“A cry was raised early this morning, ‘The Sarkee is coming!’ Every one went out eagerly to learn the truth. It turned out that a string of captives, fruits of the *razzia*, was coming in. There cannot be in the world — there cannot be in the whole world — a more appalling spectacle than this. My head swam as I gazed. A single horseman rode first, showing the way, and the wretched captives followed him, as if they had been used to this condition all their lives. Here were naked little boys running alone, perhaps thinking themselves upon a holiday; near at hand dragged mothers with babes at their breasts; girls of various ages, some almost ripened into womanhood, others still infantine in form and appearance; old men bent double with age, their trembling chins verging towards the ground, their poor old heads covered with white wool; aged women tottering along, leaning upon long staffs, mere living skeletons; — such was the miscellaneous crowd that came first; and then followed the stout young men, ironed neck to neck!* This was the first instalment of the black bullion of Central Africa; and as the wretched procession huddled through the gateways into the town, the creditors of the Sarkee looked gloatingly on through their lazy eyes, and calculated on speedy payment.

“The slaves had only come in to the number, it was said, of some two or three thousand during the day. I have been told positively that the poor old creatures brought in with the other captives will not fetch a shilling a head in the slave-market. It is therefore a refinement of cruelty not to let them die in their native homes, — to tear them away to a foreign soil, and subject them to the fatigues of the journey, and the insults of a rude populace, and ruder and crueller slave-dealers. Many die on the road during the two or three days’ march. It is exceedingly painful to live in a place like Zinder, where almost every householder has a chained slave. The poor fellows (men and boys) cannot walk, from the manner in which the irons are put on, and when they move about are obliged to do so in little jumps.

* Mr. Richardson mentions the occurrence of an iron mine, and the appearance of rude smithies, whose artisans showed their chief skill in forging fetters.

These slaves are ironed that they may not run away. There are many villages and towns a few days from Zinder, to which they can escape without difficulty, and where they are not pursued. It was exceedingly horrifying to hear the people of Zinder salute the troops of the *razzia*, on their return, with the beautiful Arabic word *Alberka!* 'Blessing!' Thus is it that human beings sometimes ask God for a blessing on transactions which must ever be stamped with his curse. The Italian bandit also begs the Virgin to bless his endeavors. It is evident that nothing but the strong arm of power and conquest will ever root out the curse of slavery from Africa." — Vol. II. pp. 205–207.

The following extract gives us another phase of the same dark object:—

"At dusk there was a hue and cry near our house. I ran out to see what it was: the noise and stir was nothing less than an attempt of a slave to escape. The poor fellow was surrounded by a mass of men and boys, all anxious to seize him and deliver him to his master, to obtain the reward. My sympathies certainly begin to cool when I see the conduct of these blacks to one another. The blacks are, in truth, the real active men-stealers, though incited thereto frequently by the slave-merchants of the North and South. It must be confessed, that, if there were no white men from the North and South to purchase the supply of slaves required out of Africa, slavery would still flourish, though it might be often in a mitigated form; and this brings me to the reiteration of my opinion, that only foreign conquest, by a power like Great Britain or France, can really extirpate slavery from Africa." — Vol. II. pp. 274, 275.

Among the incidental labors to which Mr. Richardson devoted himself all along his route, and especially during the intervals of long delay to which he was subjected, was the preparation of vocabularies for a commercial dictionary. He frankly confesses that he had no aptitude for scientific observations. The beasts and birds and reptiles which he encountered are cursorily referred to, and the geology of the regions which he traversed is mentioned. But he left to his companions what was to them the congenial labor of scientific comparison and record on all such matters. Astronomical appearances are frequently noted by him with enthusiasm, and he made daily entries of thermometrical changes. Still, his absorbing interest was one almost exclusively of humanity. His persuasion was clear and strong, that only such in-

tercourse as had the excitement of legitimate commercial traffic could ever be the means of opening Africa to the blessings of Christian civilization, and of suppressing the barbarities of which it is now the scene. Furnished at Tripoli with the best interpreter whom he could engage in his service, he himself was anxious on all occasions to be his own spokesman, and finding that the language of signs was greatly relied upon, he made that language the medium of much of his intercourse with the natives of Africa. Through inquiries pursued with much patience, and by comparing reports from different informants, he has left several itineraries which must be of use to all who shall follow him. The other papers of his which have been sent to England will doubtless be given to the world through the geographical or ethnological societies of Great Britain.

The last entry made in his journal is under date of February 21, 1851. It closes with this sentence: "Thermometer at sunset, 82°; weather very troublesome to-day, blowing hot and cold with the same breath." This sentence probably indicates the proximate cause of the death of this intrepid and excellent man, near the heart of Africa, away from all dear scenes, uncheered by the attendance of Christian friendship; yet not without such solace as the respect of those around him, and, above all, the sweet reliance of Christian faith, could impart. He had reached Ungurutua, which is about six days' journey from Kuka, the capital of Bornou, where he died on the 4th of March, 1851. On the 25th of the month, Dr. Barth, while pursuing his own explorations, having accidentally heard the melancholy intelligence from a shereef whom he met on his way, rode to Ungurutua with all possible haste, to learn what particulars he could, and to secure the papers and effects of the deceased. A letter written by Dr. Barth to Mr. Crowe, the British Consul-General at Tripoli, communicates such facts as he could learn, under date of April 3, 1851. Mr. Richardson became ill a few days before reaching Ungurutua, and, as his servant said, took several different kinds of medicine, indicating thus a general prostration, the specific nature of which was unknown to himself. After making great effort, and appearing to rally a little, on reaching the village where he closed his days, he told his dragoman that

he should die, and with seeming imprudence he poured water over his body, to counteract the bad effect of which his servants rubbed him with oil. After taking a little food in the evening, he sunk into a restless sleep, during which he called his wife several times by name. He again rose from his bed, and with the assistance of his servant walked out, but returned only to seek his bed and to die shortly after midnight. It is a relief to think that the lonely wanderer had no long, wasting decline, in a poor African hut, but was allowed to breathe the open air but a few hours before his spirit was released. The tokens of a patient and an heroic nature, and the manifest evidences of an excellent heart and of a noble purpose, which are discernible through his journal, have engaged our admiration and our sympathies as we have perused it. The melancholy impression with which we leave its pages is cheered only by the thought, that his name and sacrifices will be held in long regard, and that his painful experiences will contribute to alleviate the necessary labors by which others are to follow him in a noble enterprise.

G. E. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Centurial History of the Mendon Association of Congregational Ministers, with the Centennial Address, delivered at Franklin, Mass., Nov. 19, 1851, and Biographical Sketches of the Members and Licentiates. By Rev. MORTIMER BLAKE. Boston: Published for the Association, by Sewall Harding. 12mo. pp. 348.

THE history of an Association of which Dr. Emmons was, for more than half a century, the most influential member, is, from that very fact, well worthy of notice. We might expect to find it more homogeneous in its doctrinal character than other New England clerical bodies of similar age. The orthodoxy of such a brotherhood should be of the truest stamp and pattern. Our expectation is abundantly verified by the sketches of the book before us. Out of one hundred and seventy-seven ministers

whose lives are briefly noticed, not more than three or four are recorded as guilty even of the heresy of inclining to Arminian opinions; and if one or two actually lapsed into Arianism, the fact is not mentioned. Of most, it is joyfully affirmed that they were sound and unwavering in all the comfortable doctrines of the old New England Theology (by some in this day profanely styled the New Divinity), and dispensed to their hearers the sincere milk of the word; which milk, says Mr. Blake (p. 36), "was precisely the doctrines now called strong meat, — entire depravity, special grace, electing love."

The work which Mr. Blake has here given to the world was assigned to him by vote of the Association. He has performed it with great diligence and patience, and, on the whole, with remarkable accuracy. The errors which we have noticed are few and unimportant. Nearly four fifths of the volume are occupied by the biographical notices of members and licentiates. Most of these, of course, are very short, and state facts in the most concise manner. Where so many were to be given, one could not enlarge even upon the more distinguished names. Of the seventy-seven members of the Association during the century, only a few, as we judge from these sketches, were remarkable men, and of the one hundred licentiates not members of the Association, still fewer. Most of them were, or still are, quiet pastors in the smaller towns, or for some cause have retired from the pastoral office, though continuing to preach. Scarcely a dozen have been honored with the D. D., the "semi-lunar fardels," as Dr. Cox called them.

Dr. Emmons, however, was a host in himself, and there can be little doubt that the commanding influence of such a powerful thinker swayed the opinions, the system, and the spirit of the whole body. They seem generally to have adopted the leading features of his theology, and to have regarded it as the saving grace of the Puritan pulpit; — though henceforth, we may presume, in the light which Dr. Cox has thrown upon its damnable heresies, they will see the error of their way, and sternly repudiate it. Less is said of his influence in the Association than we should expect, — as to how he managed their meetings, and how he decided their disputes. In fact, the most interesting chapter in the history is entirely left out, that which should give us the style, temper, and general characteristics of the discussions. It is quite provoking to read the long list of interesting questions, on every variety of subject, theological, ethical, critical, and practical, — from "clerical etiquette" to the nature of God, from "signing off in a parish" or "sitting in prayer" up to the Millennium, — without a word to tell what arguments, illustrations, or inspirations accompanied the treatment of these questions. How

pleasant must have been that talk on "the best method of constructing a sermon"! How profound the metaphysics which could find whether "God may reward men in time and punish them in eternity for the same actions"! How refreshing to puzzled believers to have the judgment of Dr. Emmons on the question, "Will the First and Third Persons in the Trinity ever be visible to saints in heaven?" Why can we not, in a second edition, have some of the statements at quite recent discussions, on such subjects as "Is God *necessarily* a good being"? "Should a pastor leave a notice to be read by an exchange, which he would not give himself?" "The nature of the unpardonable sin"; "Is it right for a man to marry his paternal half-brother's daughter?" "Is there a succession of exercises in the Divine mind?" We are curious to see what kinds of learning or philosophy were used in the handling of questions like these. The theory of Emmonsism, if adequate to the settlement of all the casuistry and ethical paradoxes recorded in the long list of questions here given, might well pass as a universal religious panacea. A specimen or two of the style of exegesis of some of those threescore *texts* would not come amiss. But, alas! we have nothing but the prefatory Sermon of Mr. Blake to help us in this direction; and if the views of that discourse are to be taken as the residuum of the fraternal discussions of the Mendon Association, perhaps it is better that their doors should remain unopened.

We should judge that the Association, though holding at no time more than four meetings in a year, was a hard-working body. The "Orders of the Day" would appall some of our clerical societies. There must have been a fair share of solid learning, both Biblical and historical, for Dr. Calvin Park and Dr. Ide were members; and there could have been no lack of rich humor in a body to which Mr. Howe of Hopkinton belonged. If the sketches of a few of these more conspicuous members had been a little more full and personal, it would have added to the interest of the book. We could well spare, for the sake of such sketches, the family records of so many less gifted brethren, which Mr. Blake must have been at great pains to procure. As it is, however, the book will be attractive and valuable to numbers who find here recorded their own names or the names of their friends, and will remain an honorable testimony to the compiler's impartial desire to do justice to all.

The Anniversary Sermon of Mr. Blake, with which the volume opens, is written in a strong, clear, and ornate, though not always correct or graceful style, and is orthodox enough to suit the most zealous. Its opening propositions sound strangely to ears accustomed to hear of the Gospel as a message of mercy. "That ministry," says Mr. Blake, "*despises* God which repre-

sents the plan of Redemption to be a device chiefly of God's pity to men." There are occasional innuendoes, which are meant, we suppose, for somebody, though we are not told who; — as where it is said that "some who love to boast of a Puritanic descent for the sake of their legacies, studiously *oblivate* [is that word in Webster?] the fact of the high Calvinism" of the old Puritan ministers. We do not think that the quoted extract from President Oakes seriously impairs the statement of President Quincy, which Mr. Blake also quotes, slightly mutilating the Latin. Some sentences strike us as queer, as where we read that "unregenerate doings became the key to open the kingdom of heaven," and "the Holy Spirit, thus deprived of his office-work, returned for a season to heaven." There is some confusion of metaphor, as where he speaks about the *salient points*, the *faces*, and the *sparkling* of "the pearl of great price." Can it be Dr. Chauncy that is meant by the leader who "stopped not in his haste, till he reached the middle of the great desert of Universalism"? The sentence is enigmatical as it now stands.

Mr. Blake's estimate of the Unitarian faith is evidently not derived from any acquaintance with the works of Unitarians. It seems that we "stumble" and "dream" in "misty regions." He repeats the thrice-refuted falsehood of a Unitarian conspiracy to undermine the foundations of the Gospel by driving out the churches from their lawful possessions, and his language in this connection is not complimentary to our body. His advice to his Orthodox brethren, however, is excellent, and shows a sound understanding of the sources of their power as ministers of grace. We could not expect from one who loves high Calvinism so well, an intelligent view of liberal Christianity. Judged from the standpoint of Dr. Emmons, we certainly are perverse, blind, and given over to depravity of heart. It is our consoling hope, however, that the Father of spirits will be guided in his judgment by a broader theory than that of the Mendon Association.

At the close of the volume are several carefully prepared tables, showing the longevity and period of pastoral tenure and ministerial service of the various ministers mentioned in the foregoing pages. Those who have time to examine them will find them very useful and instructive.

Interviews Memorable and Useful; from Diary and Memory reproduced. By SAMUEL HANSON COX, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 325.

AN addition to the Curiosities of Literature: and a rich and

unique addition it is. We should think that even the types from which it was printed must ache from the effort to produce it; their usefulness in the publication of any thing like a grammar or a dictionary must certainly have been greatly impaired for the future. Once, indeed, the worthy author seems to have been moved to apologize for his most extraordinary dealings with our mother tongue. It is when he vindicates Paul from having been influenced by "a spasmodic rabies of transcendental rodomontade and stultiloquent benevolence, after his regeneration." The excuse is, that these strange words are used to express "a stranger and a more uncouth specimen of thought." We are bound to admit that the excuse is a valid one for our author. Not satisfied with playing all sorts of pranks in the collection of words and the piling up of epithets, the Doctor invents words at pleasure, and speaks of things that are not as though they were. He runs the English language entirely out of breath, and then contrives to keep in excellent good wind himself, leading to the inference that the said wind is a very essential ingredient in him. We suppose the same fact must be admitted to be true of every one, but there is a diversity in the manifestations of it.

Were it not for the real, hearty good nature and the kindness of spirit which often gleam through the pages of this book, and its occasional scintillations of wit, and the shrewd worldly wisdom of which at times it gives evidence, the book would serve as a specimen of the most intolerable arrogance, frothiness, and — something else — that ever compressed themselves into one volume. Not a trace of malice, however, appears in it. We should be perfectly content to be judged by the genial-hearted author in every other category except a theological one; but in that we should expect no mercy, for as he is sure that he is right, he would be bound to think us wrong. He regards it as his misfortune to live in a terribly wicked world; yet as the world is filled with mercies and good things, he holds it as on the whole desirable that these blessings should be appropriated, and lest they should all fall into the hands of the sinners, he is willing to accept a share of them. His book gives us an impression of its having been written by what is called "a comfortable liver," with considerable benignity of aspect. We should not be surprised, either, if this benignity of aspect and kindness of heart were accompanied by a bearing not of the meekest. It really is a misfortune that some divines in metropolitan circles are educated to pomposity and conceit, and are inflated withal by the sense of having a certain sort of power over a certain sort of people; — of being held as oracles by those with whom wordiness and fustian pass for wisdom. Dr. Cox's good sense has, doubtless secured him from falling a victim to this kind of spiritual

arrogance, but we cannot but conclude that he thinks of himself full as highly as "he ought to think." By his own account, he imparted some new light from the kindling of some old straw in dialectics to Dr. Chalmers, and confounded Dr. Emmons and Moses Stuart in metaphysics and exegesis, and worsted John Quincy Adams in argument, to say nothing of his victory over two Latter-Day Saints, or of the amazement which he excited in "a fashionable lady." As dead men tell no tales, we may never have the other side of either of the interviews here recorded. But none the less have we certain misgivings in each case. It is a somewhat significant fact that the Doctor, as if in dread of all dramatic inventions, instead of distinguishing the interlocutors in his dialogues by their names, uses figures, and he himself always figures as *Number One*. Whether it be Dr. Chalmers, or Dr. Emmons, or John Quincy Adams, or the fashionable lady, with whom he is conversing, they must equally be content to speak in their turn, as *Number Two*, or thus, 2. But we will waive the inference that might uncharitably be drawn from a method which always makes our divine Number One, and will account the phenomenon to the similarity in type between the personal pronoun in the first person singular nominative, and the sign for the unit in numbers. There is, however, one other matter which our charity can hardly cover. The aforesaid comfortable sensations of Dr. Cox extend to a full assurance that he is one of the elect. Hell and perdition are themes of very frequent recognition by him. But some Presbyterian alchemy has wrought an effect in him which insures him from all risk of what those words imply. Now we have settled with ourselves this conviction, that the feelings of a man who believes that he has barely escaped that fearful doom, must come very near in intensity and solemnity to the feelings of another man, who dreads lest he suffer it. Consequently, a believer in it will ever speak of it with a profound and awe-struck seriousness. Wherever that doom is spoken of as glibly as it is by Dr. Cox, besides being pained, we are forced to distrust the sincerity of the speaker. He is just as liable to incur that dread penalty as is the Pope of Rome, or any prelatist, or Mormon, or Universalist to whom he assigns it. We are forced to admit that there are those who believe in that eternity of inflicted woe. But whenever we are conversing with a professed believer in it, we always make our confidence in his sincerity conditional upon his evident fear that he stands the same risk concerning it that we do. Dr. Cox asks concerning John Quincy Adams, whether he is among the ransomed. We would suggest that the Doctor leave the Ex-President in the hands of his Maker, and look after himself, for he seems to have some of "the old man" in him still.

But we must give some more particular account of the book before us. Each of the subjects which form its contents, as well as the title-page, is enriched by a profusion of mottoes, heathen and Christian, Scriptural and classical, accredited and anonymous, some among the last class being, perhaps, from the pen of the Doctor himself. Then we have a Dedication, entitled "Inscription — Preliminary Reflections," by which the work is inscribed to twelve "Ruling Elders," — these old-fashioned non-entities, as our readers may not all be aware, having still a name to live in some part of this country. The dedication reaches over the inordinate space of twenty-three pages; but considering that this allows not quite two pages to each of the dozen who are to share in the compliment, the thing is not in itself unreasonable. The author cautions them, however, against their interpreting their own number into any parallel between themselves and a coroner's jury, or the twelve patriarchs or apostles, or the twelve elders in the Apocalypse. With a frank confession that he draws on his memory, — and if he had told the whole truth he would doubtless have added, on his imagination and invention too, — and does not reproduce a strictly authentic record of his own or of his interlocutors' sayings in certain memorable interviews, he at once relieves our minds of all doubt in the case. He rather unguardedly hints a resemblance between his plan in the volume and the structure of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. We think he might have found closer parallels with some works of an imaginative character. Perhaps "Old Bozzy" would in some respects have answered the emergency.

The "Inscription" to the Twelve Elders is a piece of racy reading, sparkling with vivacity and quaintness. The Transcendentalists, Papists, and Puseyites come in for equal measurements of its severity, but they will be as much amused as displeased by its invectives. If there is any thing in this sinful world that the good Doctor seems to hate even with an ungodly bitterness, it is a *prelatist*, either full grown or in the incipient stages of *deacon*, *rector*, or *priest*, while a *Puseyite* is to him the quintessence of all humbug. From an anecdote that we have heard, we infer that the Doctor does not number it as among the felicities of his repute in the Presbytery, that a son of whom he hoped better things has become a champion of "*The Church*."

Dr. Cox next gives us an account of two interviews with the honored Dr. Chalmers. Though Number One fills by much the more important place in these interviews, we must confess that we have found instruction and rich amusement in them. When Dr. Cox is not telling us something about others, he kindly tells us something about himself, and so we are sure to learn more or less about human nature on every page. It is no part

of our plan in noticing his volume to forestall the pleasure of a reader in its perusal, so we abstain from picking out the funny passages. We confess that we should be delighted to read any record of these interviews which Dr. Chalmers may have made on his own part. We will be bound for it, that he realized that he had an original specimen to deal with. Dr. Chalmers was, of course, anxious to learn from his visitor the particulars of the rupture in the Presbyterian sect in this country. We ourselves never could reach exactly the root of that matter. If strong words and severe epithets could explain it, Dr. Cox would afford considerable help in that way, but as his phrases merely prove that he is terribly angry about it, he only confuses us the more. The reader is welcome to the following extract of a portion of the blessing which Dr. Cox pronounces on the Old School : — " We believe that their order is frigid and Antinomian ; that it is fitting more for politics and jesuitry, than moral government and the true glories of the grand mediatorial system ; that it makes the obstructions and the objections that it finds ; that they cannot preach it, pray it, or read it in the Bible ; that it is no friend to the flight of the angel of missions ; that it is starved, cramped, collapsing, and soon to be a buried mummy in the tomb of the Capulets, for the resurrection of doom, or for no resurrection at all." (p. 102.)

The next incident recorded in the *Coxiana* is an interview with the famous and venerable Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, one of those Protestant Popes, of whom there were several in New England in the last generation, who, by dint of a crude metaphysical system and an iron dogmatism, and the facilities afforded by having many pupils to educate for the ministry when there were no theological schools, attained great spiritual sway. On the basis of such an influence, helped out by the cliques or parties which they generated, the repute of a few such was extended over a valley, a county, or a State, as the case might be.

Dr. Cox says: " Among other aspects of character, I was wont to view Dr. Emmons as a very unique person, and so as an intellectual, moral, and theological curiosity." We apprehend that the interview witnessed the meeting of two such persons. Our author gives a most graphic and lively description of his visit. The colloquy instantly took a theological turn, and Number One represents himself as having won the victory, so that Number Two had to confess, " Why, I am wrong ; surely I am wrong, Sir." The victory was certainly a cheap one, for, according to the record, it was secured thus. Dr. Emmons maintained that there is no distinction between selfishness and self-love, and threw down the gauntlet there. *Number One* quoted the pre-

cept, " 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' ; that is, supplying the ellipsis, *as thou lovest thyself*. Dr. Emmons maintains : Thou shalt not love thyself at all, for that is sin : self-love and selfishness are both the same, and each is only sin. Inference : Thou shalt not love thy neighbor at all, for that is sin." *Number Two* asks, 'Why, how is that? Go over it again.' "*Number One* complies, but compels Dr. Emmons, as we have mentioned, to give in as beat. (pp. 161, 162.) One of the before mentioned Ruling Elders comes into good service in this case, for Dr. Cox, under the wholly needless apprehension that some reader might discredit his statement of the marvellous result of this interview, has procured the attestation of that dignitary, who happened to be present. Our author told Dr. Emmons a piece of his own experience as follows ; — "Some of the most selfish ministers I ever knew, so viewed by all their brethren, had adopted your system *con amore*, and were so given to prate professionally against self-love, and in commendation of their moon-struck abstraction of disinterested benevolence, that it became with them at once a hobby, a dotage, and a degradation, as of them a proverb of scorn." (p. 167.)

He adds in another place : — "I subjoin the remark, that Emmonsism is a dreary, an isolating, preëminently an unjoyous, and a comfortless system. The coldest and the most dissocial religionists I have ever known, preachers and people, in the ranks of the orthodox ; the most incapable of private friendship, and the most destitute of the social and the domestic loves and sympathies, their humanities and their home-born affections all exsiccated and precluded and gone, I have seen, known, and marked among this especial class, as properly of them. I could distinctly trace their frigidity, their rigidity, and their aridity, to the system that formed their characters. It has almost ruined them for all amiableness and all usefulness. I could give instances and names." (pp. 209, 210.)

Incidentally too, "our Baptist sages" come in for a compliment, in this interview, for insisting that *ἀπὸ* means *out of* the water, instead of *from it* ; for the sake of "the precious piety and luxury of a total submersion in the wave of the Jordan ; as the whole charm of their lamentable blunder, and their blinding self-commitment, and their shameful schism, and their fatiguing childishness." (p. 206.)

We come next to an interview with John Quincy Adams while he was President of the United States. It occurred during the passage in a steamboat and a ride in the coach from New York to Boston through Providence. Dr. Cox, being then a young divine, appears to have stuck close to his distinguished fellow-traveller. As usual, he is *Number One*, and of course carries

off the victory. We happen, however, to have heard a report of the colloquy, as coming from the other party to it, though we will not go beyond the book before us by any description of it. Any one who has the least knowledge of the character and attainments of the late "sage of Quincy," and especially of his profound theological information and of his practised skill in controversy, will laugh at the very idea of a man of Dr. Cox's calibre getting the better of him in an argument on any matter of divinity. If he allowed the young disputant his free range, it was probably either in courtesy, or for the amusement he could get out of him on a tedious journey. The Dr. says: "I was certainly not intentionally deficient in respect for him in all his public relations: though I knew of others, and those the highest, where it was my edified conviction, that, like an ancient Oriental emperor, he was *weighed in the balance and found wanting*." (p. 219.) This qualifying proviso was not unnecessary, considering that the Dr. says that he described the class of Christians to whom Mr. Adams belonged in these words, and to the very face of that gentleman: — "I mean those that belong only to the school of Cain, — that old founder of a religion without a Saviour; that first desperado that undertook to worship without a Mediator, without an atonement, without faith in our Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins." (p. 239.) That President Adams was not long in guaging the contents of a brain that produced such stuff as this, our readers will need no assurance from us. The Dr. says: "It was my own opinion that the truth affected Mr. Adams more than he appeared directly to indicate." (p. 246.) Probably so: only *the truth* was of a little different sort from what this witness imagined. *Number One* doubtless makes the most pertinent remark concerning this interview, and best explains the reason for which *Number Two* tolerated it, when, in answer to his proposition to argue a theological point, he reports Mr. Adams as saying, "I shall be happy to hear it, Sir. You are quite entertaining, I must own." (p. 258.)

We are presented next with an account of an interview between the Dr. and two Mormons. We must say that we think in this case the parties were well matched. Dr. Cox records the matter with infinite *naïveté*. He offers

"a few seasonable suggestions or hints as to the erect and honest scepticism with which Christain faith itself does, and human safety must, regard all such assumptions, from the manifestations of the Puseyite to the scoundrel miracles of Jesuitism; from the diabolical religion of the Mormons to the specious pseudo-philosophy of the Pantheist; from the ignorant ventures of Miller's millenarian chronology, making *ad diem* appointments with Heaven, and repeating them by va-

rious considerate adjournments, all of which Heaven inexorably scorned, to the mad-caps of Irving, with their 'unknown tongues,' or to the philosophico-sophistical day-dreams of a cracked Swedish nobleman, and his triple sense of Scripture, interpreted by 'correspondences,' or to the sottish impudence of the Universalist; or to the serene, religious self-complacency, and learned propagand excecation of the modern Socinian, deceitfully corrupting his word, and hating its adorable Author," etc., etc. — pp. 279, 280.

The amount of the matter was, that a couple of Latter-Day Saints beset the Doctor on a hot summer Sunday afternoon, and followed him after the service, which they had attended, into his study, with the hope of converting him. The Doctor does not explain how his preaching could have encouraged such a hope. He sought of them, as a miraculous attestation of their alleged mission, that they should translate a passage from his Greek New Testament; and to their evasive answer, that they had wrought miracles across the river, in New York, he suggested that, if their miracles were limited to that place, they ought also to limit themselves there. They did not scruple, by his report, to call him a hardened and reprobate hypocrite. He seems at one moment to have been in fear of his life, but he mustered courage to show them the door, and to request them to take the outside of it, which they did, leaving Number One to himself.

Finally, we have the report of an "Interview with a fashionable lady of distinction at Calais, France." And here we cannot but think that the good Doctor was quizzed by one who knew more about some things than he does or ought to know; though he regards the lady "as strangely vacant and insipid, I might say, even silly, in reference to every nobler object of duty, or destiny, or existence." (p. 304.) He met her at a *table d'hôte* on his route. "She was rather tall in person, well proportioned, with a bust of conscious beauty; her countenance self-sustained, intelligent, and yet bland," though "her bearing was occasionally overbearing and almost Amazonian." (p. 308.) Why the Doctor's eyes were so occupied by this lady, it were hard to say, as he thus describes the dinner:—"Almost every preparation of food, and especially the most specious and attractive, was quite an ambiguity. It was anonymous and foreign to our thoughts, cooked scientifically, metamorphosed, seasoned too much, and no doubt, *par excellence*, all just right, *comme il faut*." (p. 307.) Somebody at the table gave him some information, true or false, concerning this lady, who was a grandmother. After dinner, the Doctor joined her in the piazza, and instantly attempted to awaken her to a sense of her lost state. He found that he had a difficult subject, though the result is left in doubt.

In the course of his book the Doctor gives us a lesson from his own experience, which we will quote, leaving our readers to

make such an application of it as may seem appropriate to our subject.

"Many a good Christian is a bad philosopher. There are persons known to us, who so live, and so pray, that no one knowing them can, on the whole, doubt their piety; while they have some incidental faults, and some blundering and preposterous opinions, which, if the conditions of salvation were correct erudition, extensive science, and clear and true philosophy, instead of cordial faith in the testimonies and the promises of God, would certainly condemn and destroy them for ever. I bless God for his own gracious and glorious doctrine of faith in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!" — pp. 192, 193.

The Society of Friends: a Domestic Narrative, illustrating the Peculiar Doctrines held by the Disciples of George Fox. By MRS. GREER, Author of "Quakerism: or, The Story of my Life." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1853. 12mo. pp. 340.

SOME of the criticisms advanced upon the previous work of this author pronounced a rather severe judgment concerning her, as if she were influenced by personal animosity or spleen. That she may not be wholly free from bitterness or ill-temper, in either of her works, might be allowed, without essentially impairing the value of her testimony. Her spirit has evidently been wounded by her experiences of Quakerism, and we take her exhibition of its effects, not by any means as the most just view which charity or kind judgment might present, but as a proof that upon some natures its operation is eminently injurious. We can well conceive that the principles held by the Society of Friends, when overruled and qualified by a discreet mind and an unselfish heart, may tend to form characters of exceeding loveliness and of rich Christian fruitfulness. We can also understand how an exaggeration of its peculiarities, and a bigoted attachment to its eccentricities of thought, language, and demeanor, will result in producing some of the most disagreeable specimens of humanity. In this book Mrs. Greer develops three of the most offensive results to which Quaker principles may lead, — spiritual pride, domestic tyranny, and hypocrisy. The narrative is one of exciting interest, and is so framed as to give an opportunity for the most vivid delineation of the working of human passions, when a morbid element or a dangerous bias is introduced among them.

Mrs. Greer can scarcely be accused of misrepresenting the doctrines and principles of Quakerism. For though, in her setting out of its more marked peculiarities in the actual working of the system, her descriptions may have the effect of caricature, she authenticates her statements by most copious extracts from

Quaker authorities. She appears to have made a thorough study of the standard works of the Society, whether for the satisfaction of her own mind, or for weapons against her critics, it would be hard to say. The doctrines by which she gives relief to her heroine as she passes from the bondage of Quakerism, are not all of them one whit more Scriptural or rational than those which she impugns. Take, for instance, the following sentiment: "Now, she would coöperate with the Spirit, and, in her warmth of feeling, she hurried into the common mistake, that her coöperation was essential to her soul's salvation." (p. 266). It would be very strange if it were not. The mistake here is evidently on the part of Mrs. Greer. The character of Jenefer, who represents the hypocritical, conceited, and tyrannical form of character which Quakerism, *and human nature*, may produce, is one of the most odious and repulsive which we ever encountered in a work of fiction. She could even have given some lessons to Tartuffe. On the whole, we have been exceedingly pained by the perusal of this book, for its truths are of a most saddening nature.

That wise and excellent philosopher, Sir James Mackintosh, after having perused an early number of the (English) "Christian Observer," which, he says, "supports the more mitigated Methodism," writes in his journal as follows:—

"It is impossible, I think, to look into the interior of any religious sect, without thinking better of it. I ought, indeed, to confine myself to those of Christian Europe [the writer was in Bombay]; but, with that limitation, it seems to me that the remark is true;—whether I look at the Jansenists of Port Royal, or the Quakers in Clarkson, or the Methodists in these journals. All these sects, which appear dangerous or ridiculous at a distance, assume a much more amiable character on nearer inspection. They all inculcate pure virtue, and practise mutual kindness; and they exert great force of reason in rescuing their doctrines from the absurd or pernicious consequences which naturally flow from them. Much of this arises from the general nature of religious principle; much, also, from the genius of the Gospel-morality, so meek and affectionate, that it can soften barbarians, and warm even sophists themselves. Something, doubtless, depends on the civilization of Europe; for the character of Christian sects in Asia is not so distinguished." — *Memoirs*, Vol. II. pp. 54, 55.

We are persuaded that this is in the main a true judgment concerning the internal workings of all Christian sects, when we regard the aims of admitted pursuit, and the purposes which actuate the truly devout disciples of every fellowship. But we are not so sure that this charitable view will be a true interpretation of the tactics, the manœuvres and cunning managements and intrigues of which some sects avail themselves.

Quakerism has now tested its principles, and borne its fruits for two full centuries. We have known some most excellent

members of the Society. Not as an allowance of charity, but as a tribute of just respect and deserved admiration, would we recognize the heroism and piety which have wrought within its fold. Whether its nobler and lovelier characters have been the results of its peculiar theory and discipline, we have our doubts. The shrewd worldly wisdom, the thrift and the wealth which are prominent features of the Society, cannot have been wholly free from the mark of this world, and if such characteristics have been the subjects of more sly innuendoes and of more grave imputations against Quakers than against other Christians, it is only because of their being brought into more vivid contrast with demureness of look, and professions of self-renunciation. The Society is now on the decline, and the means taken from time to time to rally its energies result in a painful exposition of its most objectionable elements.

Outlines of Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the Present Time. Translated from the German of DR. GEORGE WEBER, Professor and Director of the High School of Heidelberg. By DR. M. BEHR, Professor of German Literature in Winchester College. Revised and Corrected, with the Addition of a History of the United States of America, by the American Editor. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 559.

THE principles upon which this work is constructed are the only ones which can be employed with the prospect of any profitable result in such an undertaking. The manner in which these principles have been carried out in the execution of the work justifies us in speaking of it in the highest terms of praise. Some fanciful theorizers had been induced to devise artificial processes, under the name of Mnemonics, for aiding the human brain to retain any number of barren dates and disconnected facts, supposing that thus they would facilitate a knowledge of history. The work before us proceeds upon the wiser theory, that it is better so to present only the great, leading, and decisive points in universal history, as to connect them in the relations of causes and consequences. The mind can best remember things which attach themselves to its own associating power. Of course, a work like this must lack the interest which exhaustive details and rhetorical fulness can give to elaborate records of some of the more signal events from the world's great stage. The proper design of such a work is to epitomize its whole subject-matter, and so to present leading facts as to excite the desire for more extensive information.

The great outlines of history are drawn in the volume with a strong hand, and guide-marks are set up on the long way of travel, which a reader who applies his mind to the work cannot fail to remember. The generalizations and groupings are perfectly distinct. The periods of recorded time; the rise and fall of the successive empires; the events signalized by their continued influence on the world; the revolutions which have changed the aspect of human life; the men who have introduced new elements into the materials of existence; and the shifting scenes upon which the great struggles of civilization have from time to time advanced, — are respectively made the points of division and arrangement. The American editor, Professor Bowen, — than whom no one of our literary men is better furnished for the work, — has conscientiously revised the whole translation and assured its references to authorities, besides adding a complete summary of American history. His own addition covers one hundred pages, and contains what would otherwise be sought in vain in a hundred volumes. A valuable chronological table, extending over four thousand years, completes the work. We recommend it in unqualified terms, not only to students, but to general readers. It may be well to mention, that, as every such work must naturally recognize some standard and criterion for truth and justice in judgment, this volume recognizes a mild form of Protestant orthodoxy as its basis of opinion.

The Preacher and the King; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. Being an Account of the Pulpit Eloquence of that distinguished Era. Translated from the French of L. BUNGENER, Paris, 12th Edition. With an Introduction by the REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 338.

A READER, having once taken up this intensely interesting and dramatic volume, will hardly be willing to lay it down till he has come to its last page. It sparkles with brilliant thoughts, and teaches many wholesome truths in a most lively tone of earnest and sage wisdom. There are two wholly distinct points of view, under which it might be criticized, corresponding to the two elements of fact and fiction which enter into it. The story, which gives to the book its high dramatic interest, though it has a basis of historic verity, indulges in a large liberty of imaginative detail. The proper point of view from which to estimate the volume is in regarding it as a treatise on Pulpit Eloquence, treated so as to relieve the theme of a didactic, and even of a strictly professional character, while all the solemn and quicken-

ing truths which enter into it are most admirably presented. The narrative gathers around the fact of a sermon that was to be preached before Louis XIV., at Versailles, on Good Friday, by the famous Bourdaloue. The licentious conduct of the monarch was a scandal that weighed heavily upon the hearts of those who had the direction of his spiritual welfare. One mistress had been dismissed from his court to give place to another, and his priests knew that either their own holy functions must be discredited, or that the usual complimentary address introduced in the peroration of a sermon delivered in the presence of the royal sinner, must give place to a word of evangelical rebuke. The wavering Bourdaloue hesitates between the obvious duty of a preacher of righteousness, and the policy which influences the courtier. Bossuet is represented as quickening his conscience, while Claude, the Protestant, furnishes him with a substitute for the complimentary peroration which he had written. Besides these famous preachers, we have Fénelon and his uncle, the Marquis, appearing from time to time in the narrative, discussing sacred themes of Biblical interest and of morals, while through the whole volume runs a vigorous stream of thought upon the functions and aim of a true Christian preacher.

History of the State of New York. By JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD. First Period, 1609-1664. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 801.

WE do not feel that we should be doing justice either to the author of this laborious work, or to our own readers, if we were to dismiss it with only a brief notice. It deserves on every account an elaborate, a careful, and a discriminating review, and such we will hope to give it as the work advances. The preparation of such a work could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Bródhead. His faithful and prolonged investigations in Holland, his services rendered to the State archives in Albany, his own Dutch descent and familiarity with his ancestral tongue, his fidelity to the historian's great aim, and his excellent style of composition, are all qualifications of the first order. His State may be proud of his devotion to her annals. It cannot be denied that Washington Irving, with all his genial humor and quaint wit, has invested the beginnings of things in the colony of New Amsterdam with an air of the ludicrous, which will never cease to attach to his theme in the minds of all who read his Knickerbocker, unless they read some veritable history like this before us. Nor do even these graver, and, we doubt not, more faithful pages, wholly dissipate those associations of

the preposterous and the comical which we must believe have some legitimate connection with the honest old Dutchmen and their doings. For even their gravity and deliberateness has a ludicrous side to it. We can respect them none the less for it.

The volume is occupied with the exclusively Dutch portion of the history of New York, commencing with its discovery in 1609, and closing with its seizure by the English in 1664. This period is of course the most romantic in its character. Even when the eye does but glance over the headings of the pages or the table of contents, we feel that there is all the interest of novelty combined with antiquity in the materials spread before us. The old Dutch navigators, slow but safe in their progress, shrewd and phlegmatic in laying their plans, cautious but thorough in their explorations, present us with many curious points of difference, when we compare them with the English adventurers hither. Some matters of controversy between the representatives of the two people enter into the contents of this volume, and here, if at all, the author may need a little looking after. We promise ourselves great pleasure and satisfaction as we reach farther into the volume, which has not been in our possession long enough to admit of its full perusal. In the mean while we would express to the author our gratitude for his well-spent toil, and our sincere hope that it may be requited as it deserves to be.

Reason and Faith, and other Miscellanies of HENRY ROGERS,
Author of "The Eclipse of Faith." Boston: Crosby,
Nichols, & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 458.

Nor all men take "the Edinburgh," though, were there not a limit to the purchase even of books at once cheap and valuable, there would seem to be no excuse for such an omission, where the four great Reviews are offered at the moderate price of the American reprints. Very many readers, therefore, will be glad to have these truly standard Essays from "the Edinburgh," in a convenient and well-compacted volume. This will surely be the case with all who have already been introduced to Mr. Rogers through that striking and seasonable book, "The Eclipse of Faith," a work which we have already earnestly commended to our readers.

Experience has shown, at least on our side of the Atlantic, that the public demand justifies the collection of scattered review articles. This form of publication is, we believe, somewhat peculiar to us. The Miscellanies of Carlyle, Macaulay, Martineau, and De Quincey, are all American compilations. In this fact some may find an indication of our decided taste for the

pithy and the sprightly, the brief, direct, and compact, — we should add *crammed*, were not the word unpleasantly suggestive. The review article, that can be mastered in a few leisure hours, and which gives us results rather than processes, is chosen in preference to the ponderous and elaborate treatise, or even the modest octavo. We want something that connects itself very closely with the passing days and men, pages written, corrected, and printed under the pressures and amidst the throngs of the times, full of a fresh life. And a review article in our day is a very different thing from what passed under the same name before Lord Jeffrey and Sydney Smith came to the rescue. We may say, as literary chroniclers, that the Reviews — we will add the *Quarterly* Reviews, lest we should be charged with self-laudation — are now the organs through which some of the ablest philosophers, economists, philologists, naturalists, and theologians express their maturely reached conclusions. They give us some of the best thought and the best rhetoric of the day, and they ought not to be confined to the necessarily somewhat limited company who buy, read, and bind them year by year; their best portions should go out of a fleeting pamphlet into a book, whether in the way of piracy or of legitimate purchase, the friends and the opponents of the International Copyright must determine by friendly conference.

But we intended long ere this to have assured our readers that they will find these Miscellanies of Mr. Rogers both pleasant and instructive. It contains articles on the "Life and Writings of Thomas Fuller," the reverend, the witty, and the wise; on "Andrew Marvell," the honest statesman, sparkling poet, and keen satirist; on the "Correspondence and Character of Luther," known unto all men, whether to be hated or loved; on the "Genius and Writings of Pascal," sage and saint, man of science, and man of prayer; on "Sacred Eloquence: the British Pulpit" (would that it could only call down the needful fire!); on "The Vanity and Glory of Literature"; the "Right of Private Judgment"; and last, yet by no means least, on "Reason and Faith: their Claims and Conflicts." The Essays are marked by a strong, clear, and attractive style, and are able, thoughtful, and singularly healthy discussions of the subjects which they claim to treat.

Mr. Rogers, as those who have read his "Eclipse of Faith" hardly need to be informed, has devoted himself earnestly to the study of the forms of scepticism that prevail in our times, and has set himself as earnestly to the task of opposing them, with much success, as it seems to us. He is largely indebted to Butler, and makes no secret of his indebtedness. Why should he? Butler has announced in his great "Analogy" a fruitful principle, which is capable of unlimited applications, and as the

new scepticisms, so called, are in fact only reproductions of the old, the weapons that served once to lay them will answer the purpose again, only they must be adapted to the new circumstances, a service which Mr. Rogers has well rendered. Butler's method, indeed, leaves the unbeliever free to accept the alternative of Atheism, and, when he is reminded that the same objections can be urged against Theism as against Christianity, to declare that he will receive neither the one nor the other. But the great mass of sceptics will ever be unwilling to go this length of doubt. Some further explanation of Butler's principle may be needed in reply to the fair and honest rejoinder, that, whilst we may expect to find difficulties in the religious interpretation of Nature, a Revelation, granted for the express purpose of clearing up obscurities, should be entirely clear and explicit. The subject needs to be still further labored upon, in order to secure a more satisfactory adjustment of this point.

If we have any fault to find with the method followed by Mr. Rogers in his treatment of unbelief, it is this, — that he seems to aim rather to silence and put down, than to teach and win, the sceptic. He encounters rather the conceited pretender, than the sincere and heavily-laden doubter, though in "The Eclipse of Faith" this class of unwilling sceptics is by no means neglected. Still, we think that there are many who would be rather silenced than satisfied by the arguments of Mr. Rogers; many who, besides these valuable considerations addressed to their understandings, need to have their attention turned to that divine fulness of the Gospel which alone is able to give to the heart final and full repose. The words of the Spirit of God must surely gain the witness of the Spirit in the soul. It is exceedingly difficult to preserve the just proportion between the internal and the external evidence for Christianity. Any exaggeration of the one is sure to lead to a reaction in favor of the other. We have suffered from a too exclusive reliance upon "Miracles and Prophecy." We are suffering now from a contempt of "Miracles and Prophecy." When we settle down again, if this can be, we must try to gird ourselves about with the threefold cord of "Miracles, Prophecy, and the Spirit in the obedient heart," which can never be broken.

Who are Evangelical? A Sermon preached in the Meeting-house of the Second Congregational Society in Concord, N. H., Jan. 30, 1853. By AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, Minister of the Society. Concord: Kipp & Osgood. 1853. 8vo. pp. 28.

THE occasion which called forth this Discourse connects itself

with a subject that is worthy of some remark from us. It is doubtless known to many of our readers, that, some two years since, a Society was founded in Boston, which was incorporated in 1852, under the name of the "Young Men's Christian Association." The invitation to membership is extended to all young men, who may seek its advantages with the moral and improving purpose which it was designed to advance. But all who may become members of it are not allowed a voice in the management of the Association, as that privilege is restricted to such of the members as are also members of Trinitarian churches, — or, according to a most arrogant perversion of a sacred Christian phrase, members of *Evangelical* churches. We cannot believe that any number of the ingenuous and noble-minded young men of Boston would ever, on their own prompting, have devised such a scheme as this; and we are clear in the conviction, that, if the whole truth of the matter were known, the origin of the exclusive element in the Association would be traced to the instigation of one or more of the Calvinistic ministers of this city. From our own observation of the train of suggestions and measures which have led to this attempt to carry the bitter strife of doctrinal controversy into an Association, whose main design is to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of those who are exposed to the perils of a city life, we are led to refer it to two chief motives on the part of its prime movers. The first of these motives we take to have been, a desire to draw away the interest of young men from clubs and secret societies: the second arising from a dislike to the very liberal spirit through which lecturers at Lyceums have been permitted to discuss with entire freedom some subjects which zealous Calvinists would wholly exclude, or would treat only in a way of their own. We are confident that these motives have operated in other cities and towns, in which associations, kindred by their exclusiveness to the one in Boston, have since been formed. We have heard of one or more cases in which the attempt has been frustrated, because the weight of moral influence and respectability has been on the side which would refuse coöperation in such a cause. We cannot but commend in the highest terms of approbation any device which aims to offer to young men in cities new motives of virtue, and new means for a judicious, an improving, and a cheerful combination together in efforts and interests which will profitably engage their spare time. If these noble ends can be gained, we will bear with some imperfections in the scheme that will secure them. Nor would we object very strenuously to the exclusive system which has been devised, if we could persuade ourselves that it originated in the natural promptings of the young men who are made parties to it, and if it were only carried out

in consistency with itself. We are forced to admit, that some natures and temperaments will work far more energetically to a nominally religious end, when they are spurred on by a sectarian zeal, than when they simply follow the guidance of the free spirit of the Gospel. Some persons, we are aware, regard the banding together of young men on this basis, as tending only to foster a nest of young bigots, who will make the name of religion odious to some of their nobler-spirited companions. Yet such bigotry is not natural to young men, and we should attribute all of it, which they may be moved to exhibit, to a motive-power concealed behind them. But in the mean while, when associations have been formed on this basis, we think they ought to restrict their appeals within the same limits to which they confine their charity or their privileges. This they do not. They immediately begin to assess the community, to ask for funds, to request subscribers to the lectures which they may provide exclusively through Trinitarian speakers, and to invite those whom they stigmatize as *unevangelical* to join them on a condition inconsistent with a proper self-respect. For we will put the question to any high-minded young man, who has accepted Trinitarian opinions, whether he thinks it perfectly magnanimous to ask his fellow-clerk to join him in a work designed to promote their mutual moral and intellectual improvement, and at the same time to connect with the request an insult upon the religious opinions of his friend?

Even in the organization and management of our religious societies, a similar exclusive claim on the part of "the Church," to be allowed to tax their neighbors, and to dispose of the joint contributions according to their pleasure, was found to be fruitful in animosity. Quarrels which have arisen on that score have done more of harm in some of our parishes in one year, than a devoted minister has been able to accomplish of good in his labors for half a century. There are still instances, in which, nominally, the church body, or the communicants, have the choice and calling of a minister, for whose support they assess a congregation. But in reality, there is only a pretence in the thing. "The Church" take care to have the mind of a congregation, knowing that they will not otherwise get its money. But whatever may be said in behalf of the exclusive principle in our religious organizations, it is surely out of place, and in the long run will be pregnant with mischief in Young Men's Associations. Let them undertake to control the course of Lyceum lectures in one of our towns, and they may find scanty audiences.

But the Sermon before us, which has called out the above remarks in this place, (though we have for some time intended

to utter them,) fixes our attention once more upon the discourtesy with which some of our Trinitarian brethren persist in monopolizing a term, that is as large and free as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If their cause is good, it is prejudiced, and not advanced, by such unworthy treatment of Christians as conscientious and as intelligent as themselves.

Mr. Woodbury informs us, in an Appendix, that his discourse was called out by the measures connected with the formation in Concord, N. H., of an association kindred to that of some young men in Boston. A meeting was invited, as he supposed in good faith, of those who were willing and anxious to promote a measure that might aid in securing the young men of the place from temptations to vice and immorality, and serve, on some different basis from that of existing church organizations, as a help to their moral and intellectual improvement. He found, however, that by some management dark to him, but light to those who had been parties to it, "a call had been circulated for some weeks previous to this meeting, and that to that call the name of not a single person had been appended who did not belong to the Calvinistic, or Episcopal, or Methodist societies in the place, because no others had been applied to." It pleased those who assume to judge the faith of others to express the condition that should exclude all who were not Trinitarians from the full privileges of an Association which they were asked to join and to support, by using the blessed word *Evangelical*. Mr. Woodbury, therefore, discusses the question, "Who are Evangelical?" And this he does with an admirable skill, in an excellent spirit, and to a perfect demonstration of the wrong which is done by a sectarian appropriation of that term. He shows that, "to be evangelical, a man must be governed by the principles, the life, the spirit of Jesus Christ." His discourse cannot fail to do good, and to promote a real Christian sentiment.

The Annotated Paragraph Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version, arranged in Paragraphs and Parallelisms: with Explanatory Notes, Prefaces to the several Books, and an entirely new Selection of References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages. Volume I. Genesis to Solomon's Songs. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1853. 8vo. pp. 720.

THIS volume is well adapted to the use for which it is designed, namely, to serve as a help to the intelligent perusal of the Bible. So far as confusion, misapprehension, and controversy arise—as to a considerable extent they do—from the

way in which the text of the Scriptures is cut up and disjointed in our common Bibles, a method which dispenses with this process must contribute to the satisfaction of all readers. The maps introduced into the volume are excellent, and embrace the results of the most recent researches. The few pictorial illustrations which appear, relating to the Jewish worship, are in good taste, and will be of service, especially to the young. We have turned to a few places of the book, to examine the style and character of the Prefaces and Notes, and can pronounce them, on the whole, judicious, and well selected from the enormous mass of material which is available for the purpose. That such an undertaking should present no points for criticism or objection, is not to be expected. A great recommendation of the volume is, that it holds a place midway between a Bible containing only the simple text, and one in which the text is overwhelmed by elaborate and excessive commentary.

Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert: being the Result of a Second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M. P., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains." With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 686.

ON the appearance of the volumes embracing the brilliant results of Mr. Layard's first explorations of Nineveh, we endeavored to acquaint our readers with their character and value. The persevering explorer must have found a sufficient reward for his zeal in the high appreciation which has been put upon his labors. It was rather from this public approbation, and his own enthusiasm for the work, than from any sufficient aid which the niggardly grant made to him could impart, that he was moved to pursue the work he had so felicitously commenced. Some persons may suppose that, as his first discoveries absorbed the chief interest of the matter, and satisfied so well the expectations they had excited, another work will contain but a repetition of the tale, which has lost its novelty. Readers might thus be deterred from the perusal of this volume. But whoever is deterred by that reason will deprive himself of a rich pleasure. Mr. Layard had by no means exhausted the interest of his subject. He has opened now a far wider field, his discoveries are presented more intelligibly, and something like completeness of view is offered to us.

We suppose the volume before us to have been printed in Lon-

don. It is certainly most elaborately illustrated, and richly furnished. The incidents of travel are more full and lively in their detail than were those in the former work of the author. Familiarity with the scenes which he has traversed, has given him confidence in describing them. Mr. Layard has now brought forward more prominently than before the subject of deciphering the Assyrian inscriptions, if the right key can be found to the cuneiform letters. He asserts, not with absolute positiveness of certainty, but modestly, and with the assurance of an intelligent self-conviction, that that key has been found. Without taking to himself the credit of the discovery, but paying a just tribute to the English scholars who have bestowed such devoted pains upon the subject, he thinks we are warranted in the conclusion that we can now interpret the Assyrian inscriptions. We confess to a lack of entire satisfaction on this point, for we are even sceptical about some of the results which form the boast of the Egyptian hieroglyphists. Still, we must acknowledge that the fact of so close an accordance in the opinions of investigators who have pursued different methods, and wrought upon different materials, is of great weight in favor of Mr. Layard's decision. His work is a most valuable contribution to our increasing store of treasures disinterred from the long past.

A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded; together with corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work.
By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 262.

MRS. STOWE's new work must certainly be valued for the information which it imparts, though it can hardly afford pleasure to any one. Let us say at once, however, that we regard her as perfectly justifiable in its publication. The volume will inflame passion. It will do in some quarters a vast deal of mischief. Its specific contents, fortified as their credibility appears to be, will be impugned just as positively as were the fictitious representations, to authenticate which as real facts she has published this mass of painful and revolting details. But if there is blame anywhere, at whose door will it lie? Certainly not at Mrs. Stowe's. She has been accused of downright falsehood; and those of her hostile readers who have stopped short of that gross charge, have questioned the verisimilitude and general fidelity of her portraiture of slavery. If the interests of truth did not call for these corroborative documents,—if the mild and forbearing course which alone can help in the bloodless removal of the darkest

scourge of civilization might have suggested that this publication had better have been suppressed, as tending to acrimony, — still it was hard for the authoress to rest under the imputation of falsehood, when she could so triumphantly disprove it. Those who have driven her to this resource must now assume the responsibility of consequences.

Yusef; or the Journey of the Frangi. A Crusade in the East.
By T. ROSS BROWNE. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 421.

THE solemn old East is made to part with all the dignity of its reserve and mistiness in this racy work. Mr. Browne has few rivals among the multitude of our fun-loving and romantic chroniclers of adventure. We would not be understood as impugning the truthfulness of his pages when he undertakes to tell the truth: but it is sometimes difficult to decide when that is the case. At any rate, he is a most charming writer, and our own experience of some of the scenes which he describes helps our faith in him from halting on some occasions when he does not make exorbitant demands upon it. It is high time that we had a book like this on the East. There are materials for mirth and for lively representation to be found there, and those who have gone half through with this volume will make no complaint against the author. They may be induced by it to follow him through some other of his graphic sketches of more out of the way places.

Lives of the Brothers Humboldt, Alexander and William.
Translated and Arranged from the German of Klencke and Schlesier. By JULIETTE BAUER. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 398.

THE portraits we cannot say much for, but the contents of this volume, as sketches of the lives of the most distinguished man of science of the age, and of his brother, a statesman above mediocrity, are of high interest. The elder brother, William, who died in 1835, confined his travels to Europe. He filled several offices of distinction in the Prussian government at home, and represented it at Rome, Vienna, and London. Like most of the men who have run the career of public honors, especially in such stormy times as his, he thought he had cause to complain of ingratitude from the public. His biography is marked by incidents of an instructive character, as he was brought into connection with many famous persons. The glory of the name of Hum-

boldt, however, attaches to Alexander, the younger brother, whose broad scientific researches, whose distant voyages and travels, and whose popular works, all kept in living influence by his own protracted life and his place at court, as well as by their own merits, have made his name familiar to a host of readers. Such will be pleased to read this biography of him, which is enriched by copious details from his experience and observations.

The Captive in Patagonia ; or, Life among the Giants. A Personal Narrative, by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BROWNE. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 233.

WE love to read a book like this with a perfect confidence in the fidelity of the narrative, and without the slightest misgiving as to the safety of yielding our entire faith to the author. "Typee" left us somewhat in a maze, from which we have never since wholly relieved ourselves when enjoying pages of a kindred novelty and romance in their contents. We do not know any reason for distrusting the accuracy of the narrative before us. We prefer to believe that Mr. Browne has dealt by his readers in thorough honesty. There is, however, some slight cause for misgiving, arising from the cast of the narrative, from several literary allusions and turns of expression which it contains, and also in the author's account of the way in which he fell into the hands of the Patagonians. If he enlisted the services of some writer to present his narrative in due form, he had done better to have told us of it. Whether or not any abatement is to be made from our confidence in his story, we will not pronounce. We are content to trust our interesting and lively narrator, and we certainly accord to him our thanks for his contribution to the library of adventure, for his book is original and so were his experiences.

The Restoration of Belief. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. 1853. 16mo. pp. 232.

UNDER this title an English writer is issuing a series of essays designed to meet some of the aspects of scepticism and destructive criticism. Three of the series have appeared in London, and two are reprinted in the little volume from the press of Mr. Hooker, with the promise that the others shall be reproduced. These Essays bear respectively the following sub-titles:—

I. "Christianity in Relation to its Ancient and Modern Antagonists"; — II. "On the Supernatural Element contained in the Epistles, and its Bearing on the Argument." The writer starts with the simple assertion, that the question as to the truth of Christianity must be a determinable one. Such a question must be regarded as deserving of thorough investigation, because of the interests which it suspends; but the motive for that investigation, however perplexed and wearisome it may be, must be found in the conviction that it is possible by some means to go to the very bottom of the question. Where that bottom really is, is now one of the points most earnestly debated. Whether history or philosophy is to furnish us with the last test, the final criteria for judgment and decision, opens an issue on which those who are pursuing the inquiry take different sides. Our author commits himself wholly to the historical side of the issue. And certainly, so far as the truth, or *the truths* of Christianity are committed to dates and events and incidents and facts of a strictly historical character, history will either verify or falsify them. But the mistiness that necessarily invests the past combines to favor the cloudiness of speculation which claims that the philosophical side of the issue is one of paramount importance. If it be settled, that a *miracle* is utterly impossible, "that all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," that nothing can come to man or the world under the name of religion through what we call revelation, — if true philosophy has jurisdiction over these matters, and can pronounce decisively upon them, and pronounces against the popular belief of Christendom, then the gaps of history, the flaws in its records, must be made the most of, and all the apparent force of its testimony to Christianity must be accounted as fatally insufficient for its purpose. But then, on the other hand, if philosophy be allowed to start with all its own assumed prerogatives, before it has completed its destructive work, it will have to meet certain facts of indisputable history, which present Christianity as a new influence working in the world, — as the most powerful influence that ever worked in it, — and as having certain credentials of its claims in records, institutions, and effects that will stand in the way of a sceptical philosophy, and require to be fairly dealt by.

Our essayist, as we have said, commits himself to the historical side of the issue. He takes the historical presence and influence of Christianity as his point of defence for what he regards as the truth, and as his point of attack for what he regards as error. He presents, with admirable force, an argument which sceptical criticism may quarrel with, and may resist, but which, we think, is unassailable by any weapon that can destroy it. The author is by no means unmindful of the various resources

and phases of unbelief, but drops remarks here and there, which indicate a clear knowledge of the actual thought of the times as represented in our sceptical literature. We shall defer the expression of an opinion on the character of his essays till we shall have more of them. Better that the object which he has in view be left to the providential and human influences of various kinds which will contribute to its slow fulfilment, even if our literature does not devote many volumes to it, rather than that any crude or feeble efforts should peril a cause to which is committed all that we hold most dear.

Annual of Scientific Discovery : or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1853, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astrology, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, &c. Together with a List of recent Scientific Publications ; a Classified List of Patents ; Obituaries of eminent Scientific Men ; Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1852, etc., etc. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston : Gould & Lincoln. 1853. 12mo. pp. 411.

WE have copied the title-page of this Year-Book in full, as the best service which we can render towards the circulation of a most suggestive volume. No one needs to be informed that a year now brings to pass enough to fill these burdened pages with fresh materials. A competent editor, well skilled by practice, has learned to have his eyes opened over the whole world, and upon the heavens above, so far as the keenest instruments reveal them, and to gather in the results for an annual tribute to Science. The book is full of matters of ordinary use, and ought to be put to service in our academies. The volume for this year contains a fine portrait of Lieutenant A. D. Bache, of the United States Coast Survey.

Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, Human and Mundane : or the Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man. Embracing the Natural Philosophy of Phenomena styled "Spiritual Manifestations." By E. C. ROGERS. Boston : John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 336.

THERE probably is a *Philosophy* even in "Spiritual Rappings," so called. But whether this philosophy reaches deeper than the saying of the wise Roman, *Populus vult decipi*, — which

means, *People love to be humbugged*, — is one of the great questions of the day. The wise features of the book before us are, that the author pursues the right method of inquiry into the matter, save that he is a little more credulous than we should be, and that he comes to a conclusion which rests in the mystery of man's organization, instead of involving the most unseemly interference of spirits with articles of furniture, to say nothing of bad grammar and all sorts of incongruities.

The Shady Side ; or Life in a Country Parsonage. By a Pastor's Wife. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 349.

THERE may be fiction, but there is no falsehood, in this revelation of life. Occasionally we see announcements of books which it is said are very suitable for presents to ministers from their parishioners. We pronounce this to be admirably adapted for a present from a minister's wife, or from the minister himself, to his parishioners, in a country society. There is much attention now turned towards the salary of ministers in our smaller or rural societies. The occasion, not so much for generosity as for justice, is sensibly felt to present itself in many quarters. Let this book have a free circulation, and it will help a righteous cause.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Osgood's Studies in Christian Biography. — The (London) Christian Reformer, for March, has an extended view of Mr. Osgood's volume, whose title we have given above. Having already spoken highly of that work, on account of its scholarship and its eminently catholic spirit and candor of judgment, we are pleased to observe that it has been brought to the notice of our English brethren. The reviewer speaks of it in high terms of praise, and makes liberal extracts to substantiate his encomiums.

Occasional and Historical Discourses. — Three sermons have recently appeared, the contents of which have interesting bearings upon matters of parish history. They are as follows : —

“ A Discourse delivered on Occasion of the Fortieth Anniversary of the Author's Ordination, by Ralph Sanger, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Dover.” The personal and professional experience of a long

ministry are reviewed in this Discourse. The author must have secured the affections of the people, for he bears testimony to their kindness. His record of the changes which have occurred during his pastorate in his own ministerial association, shows how busy change has been all around him.

"Sermon at the Installation of Rev. George W. Briggs as Pastor of the First Church in Salem, by Rev. Mr. Morison, of Milton. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Dr. Flint, of Salem. With Notices of the First Church and its Ministers, by a Member." The installation services here given are of a high order as expressions of Christian sentiment. The matter in the Appendix embraces much historical and antiquarian lore in a brief compass. A church which has numbered two Higginsons, Roger Williams, and Hugh Peter among its pastors, may afford to have its annals repeated whenever it adds a new one to the list.

"A Discourse preached on the Occasion of Leaving the Old Meeting-House at Jamaica Plain, West Roxbury, Mass., March 20, 1853, by Grindall Reynolds, Pastor of the Third Parish." The old-fashioned structure, within whose doomed walls this very appropriate discourse was delivered, had become venerable, as we estimate the length of time which must pass upon our fabrics to make them into antiquities. The pastor seized upon the occasion before him to use it for edifying historical reminiscences. The pamphlet has a value as a contribution to our church annals.

Forthcoming Publications from Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.—This firm has in press a number of valuable works, shortly to appear, which, though they will for the most part be issued within the space of two months, would, a few years ago, have been regarded as sufficient to signalize a publishing firm during a partnership of half a century. So amazing is the fertility of the press and so extensive the market for books of the most solid worth, that a week furnishes material enough to afford literary nutriment for one whole course of the seasons. We omit all mention of the numerous law-books which are in course of publication by this house, which stands at the head of the mystery of book-making, at least in that branch of the art, in this country. In the intrinsic value and in the fine appearance of its publications, this firm likewise holds the place of honor.

Messrs Little, Brown, & Co. will publish very soon a collection of the letters addressed to Washington, in four octavo volumes. Of this highly important work, Dr. Sparks is the editor, as who but he should be? We may anticipate from its perusal a fund of instruction and of anecdote, illustrative of what is already known, and communicating fresh information on the personal history of individuals.

Another work to appear immediately is a new edition by the Hon. James Savage of that marvellously elaborate book, "The Journal of John Winthrop," in two volumes. It is but rarely that a copy of the old edition of this precious work can be found, and then it commands a very high price, as those who have been so fortunate as to own it set a high value upon it. It is somewhat remarkable, that so long an interval as twenty-seven years should have been suffered to elapse, without offering to the increasing number of readers the opportunity of possessing the journal of the noble and excellent Winthrop. If the

book is a novelty to any one who may peruse this page, we can assure him that he will secure a rare pleasure in obtaining a copy.

The same firm have published the Poems of Gray, as a specimen copy of forty similar volumes, which will embrace the British Poets subsequent to Spenser. The style of the series closely resembles that of Pickering's Aldine Edition, so called, but will be furnished at half the cost, and with equal elegance, including the portraits. The experience of readers has proved that volumes of that size are the most convenient for such uses as those for which the poets serve us. Though this is a very expensive undertaking, we have no doubt that the publishers will find it to be an eminently successful one. — The excellent Memoir of Sir James Mackintosh has never yet been published in this country, but there are few works of the sort which surpass it in the interest of its subject-matter, and we are glad to know that Messrs Little, Brown, & Co. will very soon issue an edition of it in two octavo volumes. We may say the same of the Memoir of Francis Horner, which in the edition from this firm is to contain additions from the pen of an English editor. It is less known than the Memoir of Mackintosh, but is deserving of a wide circulation. There will be two new chapters in the American edition, written by a brother of Mr. Horner. — To these works are to be added an elegant edition of Hume's History, in six octavo volumes, to match the London edition of Macaulay, and a new edition, in four volumes octavo, of Plutarch's Lives, under the supervision of a distinguished English scholar now residing in Cambridge. — And yet once more, the same firm are to publish an edition of both series of Lord Mahon's History of England. Two volumes of the first series were published some years ago, but the enterprise did not seem to warrant its prosecution. — Messrs Little, Brown, & Co. have just received the third and fourth volumes of Lord John Russell's Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. A large number of copies of this lively work are received here by an arrangement with the English publishers, the volumes being precisely the same in type and paper, but furnished to us at just half their price in England.

New Publications. — Redfield of New York has just published in three well-filled volumes, Michaud's History of the Crusades, translated from the French by W. Robson. This work, having been announced some-time ago, has been looked for with the expectation that it would revive the interest of the theme. We have a review of it in progress for our next Number. — The same publisher has reprinted from the English edition the book upon this country by Francis and Theresa Pulszky, entitled, "White, Red, Black. Sketches of American Society in the United States." As the companions of Kossuth these observers had peculiarly favorable opportunities for sight-seeing and intercourse here. Having learned, and being well prepared to allow for, the necessary imperfections which must impair the value of such books as authorities, we look to them for amusement and for indirect instruction. These volumes will serve those purposes well. They are full of mistakes of all kinds; but there is truth and good sense in them. — The same publisher has issued three light works on which our readers must form their own opinions, while we give their titles, as follows: "A Stray Yankee in Texas," by Philip Paxton; "Nick of the Woods, or The Jibbenainosay, a Tale of Kentucky," by Robert Montgomery

Bird, D. D. ; and "The Lion's Skin and the Lover Hunt," by Charles De Bernard.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., continuing their truly Popular Library, have recently published several of Thackeray's works, under his own supervision.

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston, have undertaken the publication here of Dr. Lingard's History of England, in thirteen volumes, 16mo. The first volume has already appeared. The copy is that of the last London edition, upon which the venerable author spent the best years and the persevering labors of his life. Protestants of course will suspect, and will not be slow to detect, the Roman Catholic bias of the work. But inasmuch as all such stories have two sides to them, and as the Roman Catholic side in this case could not be presented more ably, Dr. Lingard's History may claim a place in all our libraries.

Dickens's Child's History of England, which has had so many readers of the successive chapters in which it was originally issued, has found publishers in the Messrs. Harper. Though the book bears a juvenile form, its contents are written up to the standard of the present day. Its moral tone is admirable.

"The Mother and her Offspring," is the title of a practically useful work, by Dr. Stephen Tracy, formerly a missionary physician under the American Board to the Chinese. With perfect delicacy, yet in an intelligible way, the volume communicates just such information concerning maternity and the care of children, as is of chief value to those concerned in such knowledge.

The Messrs. Harper have now issued four of the seven volumes of their beautiful edition of Coleridge's Works.

Historical and Genealogical Inquiries touching New England.—Within a few years the interest in antiquarian investigations has become almost a passion in our immediate neighborhood. Various influences have combined to excite a desire for the tracing of genealogies, while a sense of obligation to the worthies of former days has made the descendants of New England sires anxious to write the history of each colony and town within our boundaries. The Massachusetts Historical Society, which was the pioneer in such enterprises, retains all its early vigor, with some rich experience to guide its future efforts. Dr. Young's two admirable volumes, embracing the original annals of the Plymouth and the Massachusetts Colonies, stand at the head of all the recent contributions to our historic lore. "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register" is a quarterly publication issued by the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. Twenty-five numbers of it have appeared, and though the information which it contains is necessarily fragmentary in its shape, the volumes, as they accumulate, will afford the materials of complete historical narratives. The address delivered before the just-named society, on its last Anniversary, by William Whiting, Esq., is an enthusiastic and able vindication of the practical utility of such antiquarian investigations.

Mr. Drake has issued the third number of his elaborate and beautifully illustrated History of this good city of Boston: a work which deserves

a generous patronage because of the "love of the soil" which inspired the undertaking, and the labor which is so faithfully devoted to it.

The most indefatigable cultivator of New England antiquities abroad is the Rev. Joseph Hunter, of London. In the series of critical and historical tracts written by him, the second of the three which have been published is entitled "The First Colonists of New England." This tract met with great favor here, and after the Rev. Dr. Young had pointed out one or two mistakes relative to matters more closely connected with our side of the ocean, Mr. Hunter consented to rewrite it, and the tract now appears in substance in the first volume of the fourth series of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In a letter recently addressed by Mr. Hunter to the President of this Society is a passage which we take pleasure in quoting, as follows:—

"I have next to thank you for Mr. Drake's No. I. of his History of Boston, which would have been acceptable to me, if for nothing else, for the view of Boston, a city in which I have learned to feel more interest of late years, chiefly on your account. There is good matter in the book itself, but I think, when speaking of Brewster and New Plymouth, he might have said that it has recently been brought to light, that Brewster had lived while in England at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, if it had been only to encourage the one or two persons in England who trouble themselves about such *minutiae* to keep their minds a little intent on your national antiquities. Indeed, to say the truth, I have been surprised, that now, in two or three years or more, since my tract made its appearance, there has been, as far as I know, no notice of the new and important matter it contains in any of your North American Reviews or Magazines. It might even have claimed some kind of recognition from the persons who meet to celebrate the arrival of 'the Pilgrim Fathers.'

"I noticed one thing of some importance in Mr. Drake's book, namely, that he has an error of ten years in the date of the birth of Captain John Smith."

So far as the range of our editorial responsibility extends, we confess to our share of apparent ingratitude in not having expressed in some public way the sense of our obligations to Mr. Hunter. He richly deserves our hearty thanks. If he will pardon the neglect of the past, and will give us another of his precious tracts, we promise that it shall not go unnoticed by us.

Maurice's Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament.—Our readers will very soon enjoy the opportunity of perusing this book in an American reprint of it to be issued by Messrs Crosby, Nichols, & Co. Without embracing any thing of marked novelty in the treatment of themes which have been wrought upon by so many minds for ages, the volume has such a freshness and vigor of style, and moreover exhibits so much of the influence of thoughts and mental conflicts of present interest, that it has a degree of originality about it. Mr. Maurice belongs to a school in the English Church which has been most influenced by Coleridge, and which has not wholly escaped from being affected by that strong, though somewhat confused, exhibition of the perplexing position of the Church that has been made by Froude, Foxton, and Newman. Throughout this volume appear the evidences of that intense struggle between the implicit faith of times gone by, and that demand of the in-

tellec for rational conviction which have been brought into an excessive and exaggerated antagonism by many recent writers of the sceptical school. Mr. Maurice makes constant reference, either in plain terms, or by implication, to that rationalizing tendency which, while professing to admit an historical element in the Jewish Scriptures, seeks to present its miraculous narratives under the forms of heroic legends or of myths. He admits that this liberty may be taken and easily indulged, and that more or less of adroitness used in its application will commend its results more or less favorably to a class of minds. But if he yields at all to this tendency, — and we cannot say that he is wholly free from it, — it is not for the sake of divesting the Jewish annals of their miraculous garb, but that he may conform his interpretations the more strictly to the spirit of the Oriental imagery. In this volume he makes the Prophets and the Kings of the Hebrews to be mutually illustrative of their respective human relations and of their divine functions. His chief purpose is to show that the lessons and morals conveyed through the narratives and through the lives and examples which they portray, have a direct application to the experiences of humanity in all time, and especially now; that they are not antiquated, but of rich and fruitful utility, as indicating the common temptations and the paramount truths which enter into the course of man's life.

We can assure our readers that the volume will be found full of instruction, and eminently suggestive. Though it has been too much the fashion for some among us to depreciate the Old Testament, as if in commendation of the New, most of our ministers, at least, will need no argument to prove to them that the elder Scriptures are filled with the richest materials for the illustration of human character and of the Divine government. To such uses Mr. Maurice puts them, and we have followed his instructive pages with delight.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ordination. — Mr. THOMAS WILLIAM BROWN, from the last class of Graduates from the Theological School in Cambridge, was ordained Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society at TRENTON, N. J., on December 24, 1852. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Charles Lowe of New Bedford; Sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth; Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop of Boston; Charge, by the Rev. Calvin Lincoln of Boston; Fellowship of the Churches, by the Rev. Edgar Buckingham; Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Charles J. Bowen of Newburyport.

Dedications. — The Meeting-house erected by the Unitarian Society at Chelsea Ferry, was dedicated on October 20th, 1852. The Sermon was preached by the Pastor, the Rev. Adams Ayer; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by the Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; the other services of the occasion were by the Rev. Dr. Peabody and the Rev. Mr. Coolidge of Boston, and the Rev. Mr. Bishop, of England.

The Meeting-house erected by the First Unitarian Society in East Boston was dedicated on December 29th, 1852. Prayer, by the Rev. A. B. Muzzey of Cambridge; Selections from Scripture, by the Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge of Boston; Salutation of the Churches; by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston; Sermon, by the Pastor, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth; Prayer of Dedication, by the Rev. Calvin Lincoln.

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
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
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